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THE "DUTCHMAN'S DAUGHTER;"

OR,

The Affecting Story of a Courageous Fireman.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Goot peoples koom mit me, and hear vot I toles you
All apout Von Dedrick's vair taughter;
I meet her von nite at a shouljerman's pall,
So I goes mit her house vor to kort her;
Unt ven I git dere, I sees dot papa,
Says he: "Begates, now vot are you arter?"
Says I, "If you don't see no obsheckshun mit me,
I tinks I koom arter your taughter."

"Mine taughter," says he, "is moosh fond mit you,
Unt tu sent you afay fere a pitty,
But dot man vot isn't no fireman's man
Don't neffer gits marrit mit Kitty."
Ven I hear vot he said, I feels awful bade,
Vor I taught to be sure I did got her;
Unt I says "I don't like pooty vell dose inshines."
Ven he says "ten you don't git mine taughter."

I says "I pe tam uf I likes all dot fun
Vot is made by dose firemen rousers;
Vor once at a fire dey plays dat squirt pipe,
Mit dot voter all ofer my trousers."
Put I talks mooch in vain, for he graps up dot cane,
Unt says "If you don't like dot voter,
I tole you I gifs you ter tuyfel unt all
Uf I cotch you again mit my taughter."

Now I veels vot I don't let notting like dot
Puts a shtop to my coortin' unt marriage,
So I run up and down mit der streets of dot town,
Unt I shoost jines a pully hose carriage.
Ten I goes unt I tole dat old man, and says he:
"Yon've shoost done dat ting vot yer oughter."
So mit de fadder's consent, inside I went,
Unt I settle it ter rest mit his taughter.

THE WHITE HAND;

OR,

THE JEWELED SNAKE.

PART THE SECOND.

THE SECRETS OF THE PRISON HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE WORLD'S MERCY.

"Of a whole city-full—
Was it not pitiful?—
Friends she had none."

How many thousands of poor, starving, struggling mortals in this stony-hearted world of ours arise every morning of their lives, knowing not when nightfall comes again whether they may have a roof to shelter them or a mouthful of food to appease the cravings of their hunger! All who pass daily through the London streets must have noticed from time to time some forlorn-looking creatures crawling listlessly along, or dozing on a door-step, with no seeming end in life but to wear away the weary day. When night comes these melancholy waifs and strays creep into dark corners in out-of-the-way places, and wrapped up in their rags and misery, dream away the dark hours, longing for the day which is to be as hopeless as that just passed. At the time that Mr. James Greenwood's articles respecting the casual ward of a workhouse called public attention to the horrors of that refuge for the destitute, some revelations made anent the houseless wanderers in the parks passed by almost unnoticed. By these latter accounts, it would appear that on one of the most bitter winter nights, when it was freezing hard, and the snow lay thick upon the ground, some poor, miserable creatures passed the hours of darkness upon the wooden seats in St. James' Park, and there, half-stupefied with cold, sat, huddled up together, a ghastly spectacle of hopeless wretchedness. What prospect in life had these unhappy ones? what future to look forward to when the day broke gravely through the naked branches of the trees? But when light came they must linger no longer upon their wooden beds. The policeman going his rounds would wake them up, and bid them take themselves and their misfortunes elsewhere. Docile and obedient enough were they, requiring but little persuasion from the good man's knuckles; and yet one among them did not move when he approached. A bundle of rags was it? No; a woman—a sleeping woman, who was very fast asleep. A good hard shake, but still no notice taken. A harder shake, and the bundle of rags rolls over. What's this? The woman is dead.

"It has been an awfully cold night," says the policeman. "I hardly thought they could stand it, some of 'em."

Others, here and there, in the great city had also found the cold too much for them, and were picked up in like fashion, with stiff limbs and bluey-white faces, terrible to look upon. If, however, it is hard to get through the night, the long day of houseless destitution is a much greater trial, for then there is no rest for the heart-sick, and no escape from observation and persecution. It is a hard world, my masters, and the strong must exert all their strength, and the weak must go to the wall; but it is a luxury which only the rich can buy to be able to die in peace. Our two young friends, Clam and Nelly, were far from despairing when, having run away from home, they determined to begin life on their own account. They had no very distinct ideas as to how they were to begin, but they meant to do something, and they were also strangely impressed with the idea that some indefinite something else would turn up, and that in the end all would be right. The reader may remember that we left them by the river-side, at the end of our fifth chapter, in the act of recognising the white upturned face of the would-be murderer Graveling. For a moment they were struck speechless with terror, then hastily interrogated each other upon the best course to be pursued. To cry for help was their first impulse, but they could not at first thoroughly realize the situation. Clam was positive that it was the face of Graveling she had seen, but Nelly, after agreeing with her that such was the case, presently changed her mind and was in doubt. Then again, what had happened? Had anybody thrown Graveling into the water, or had he jumped in himself? No sound of voices was to be heard at the open window. The children had some vague idea that their late persecutor was playing some kind of trick, and was in no danger of coming to harm, or else, they argued, why did he not cry for help? They waited and listened anxiously, but no sound reached them. The moon was shining again, and the surface of the water for some distance was plainly discernible, but nothing could be seen of the drowning man. The children waited for some time in fear and trembling, and raised a feeble cry for help, but no one heeded them, and at last they made the best of their way to the streets above, and started off at a brisk pace. On the road they argued through the case.

"He could not have been drowning, or he would have come up three times."

"All drowning people come up three times; I've read it in a printed book."

"He jumped into the water on purpose, then."

"And what became of him?"

"He hid away behind the barges."

"What made him scream out, though?"

"He did it to frighten us."

The matter was thus settled after some further conversation, and the two sisters proceeded on their travels without any qualms of conscience. It was agreed, after a consultation, that they should bend their steps toward Covent Garden, where Clam would be able, in her boy's dress, to earn a few half-pence by helping the market gardeners if she was lucky. With this idea they retraced their steps, made the best of their way across Westminster Bridge, and were not very long before they reached their destination. Early as the hour was, the market was all bustle and activity, and a crowd of ragged boys were hovering round, eager for such jobs as were to be obtained. Taking her place among these, Clam in her turn sought for employment, but fate seemed to be against her, and time after time some more lucky candidate stepped forward in front of her and was accepted. The result was that after hanging about the market for three or four hours the poor little girls were as penniless as when they commenced their labors. It was very cold, and had come on to rain, so that they were about as miserable as they could be, and, worse than all, Nelly began to show signs of unmistakable illness.

"I think I'll sit down a little while, Clam, over here by these baskets. No one will say anything to me, will they?"

"I don't think so, Nelly dear. Anyhow, don't you go far, whatever you do, and I'll just go once more round the market, and see what luck I can get."

She made the tour and looked about eagerly enough, but without success. When she returned Nelly was sitting where she had left her, her head resting on her knees. Clam knelt by her side.

"Nell! Nell!"

"Is it you come back?"

"Yes."

"Have you been lucky?"

"There's no luck about the place to-day. We must try somewhere else."

"Must we go far? I feel so ill and so cold."

"It's the cold that hurts you," cried Clam; "if we could only have got a cup of coffee to start with, you'd have been all right. Why don't somebody give me something to do that I could earn a half-penny? I never had such bad luck before with the band. That comes of running away."

"Suppose we never get any more money, Clammy? we shall starve then, and die."

DANIEL E. BANDMANN. TRAGEDIAN. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

"Don't talk of dying yet awhile. I mean to get us some breakfast, and I know how, too. Do you think you can walk just a little way—as far as you can see there, just by Drury Lane Theatre?"

"I think so."

"If you can only manage it, I know there are a lot of shops in the courts round there, where they might buy something."

"But what have we got to sell?"

"I'll show you when we get there," replied her sister. "Do you think you can walk now?"

Nelly assenting, they very soon reached the theatre, and plunged into the courts at the back, where they expected to find the shops which Clam had alluded to. These proved to be something between old-clothes dealers and rag and bottle shops, and at last finding one to suit her purpose she stopped and said:—

"That will do."

Retiring to a short distance, she then took off her jacket and waistcoat, put on the jacket again and buttoned it up tightly, and carried the waistcoat rolled up in her hand to the shop. It was a very dark place, full of unsavory odors, and its contents to an unpractised eye certainly would have inspired no strong idea of the wealth of its owner. Entering timidly, Clam knocked on the counter.

"Hallo!" cried a voice from a little room beyond, and a fat Jewess made her appearance.

She waddled up the shop, sat down upon a chair by the door, and stared at the customer in a dreamy fashion which seemed to indicate that she had just awoke out of a sleep. At last she said:—

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

Thus encouraged, Clam replied—

"I've got something to sell."

"What is it?" asked the woman.

"This waistcoat."

"Let's look."

She took the article in question from Clam's hand and turned it over and over, staring at it in the same dreamy way, and folding it up said simply,

"Well?"

"Will you buy it?" asked the girl.

"It's not worth much. What do you want?"

Clam had an idea of asking half-a-crown when she had first come into the shop, but somehow things had taken such an unpromising turn she stammered out "eighteen-pence" with trepidation.

The fat saleswoman's mode of reply was not encouraging. She gave the waistcoat another fold and gave it back to the girl without a word.

Clam stood waiting.

"If that's too much," she said after a pause, "what would you give?"

The woman took the waistcoat back again, and re-examined it very carefully, and as though she had never set eyes upon it before.

"Sixpence," she said at length.

"No," replied Clam, "I can't take that. I'll take a shilling—I won't sell it for less."

The Jewess made no answer, but folding the waistcoat very carefully, carried it with her and disappeared into the room at the back of the shop, where Clam supposed she had gone to get the money she had asked for. If such were the case it appeared that the money was not easily forthcoming. Probably it was stowed away in a strong box and the key had been mislaid. The poor girl waited very patiently more than ten minutes, and then began to knock on the counter. Finding this led to no satisfactory result, she called out,

"I say, if you please! I say, if you please!" three times, and then knocked again and stamped with her feet.

Then, these energetic measures proving fruitless, she ventured up the shop on a voyage of discovery. It was so dark, and the floor was so littered with rubbish, that the journey was a difficult one. The little parlor beyond was even darker than the shop, but as she approached Clam could hear the sound of loud and regular breathing, as of some one asleep. Getting a little nearer still, she made out in the dim obscurity the figure of the woman in an arm-chair, snoring, with her head on one side.

"Hallo, I say!" cried Clam; "why don't you give me my money?"

The old woman woke up at this, and staring at her, stupidly said,

"What are you doing here? Go away."

"I won't go without my money or my waistcoat."

"What waistcoat? Go away."

"I won't go away without my money," cried Clam, beginning to cry with rage and fear; "you old cheat, give me my money!"

But the Jewess seemed by no means excited by this outburst.

"Go away directly, you young thief!" she said; "I know your face very well, and where you got your waistcoat from; I know all about it. Go away, or I'll send for a policeman."

"I haven't stolen the waistcoat," retorted the girl; "I took it off just now. Give me the money and let me go. My poor sister and I haven't tasted anything all day, and I bought you my waistcoat to get some money to buy us some breakfast."

"You're very hungry, then, are you?" asked the woman, seating herself again, and folding her hands on her lap; "I'm sorry for that."

"I'm very hungry indeed," replied the girl; "and my poor sister is very cold and ill. Do please give me the money."

"What was it I said you should have? Fourpence, wasn't it?"

"No you said sixpence; but I said I couldn't sell it under a shilling."

"Ah, I can't give you a shilling. That's out of all question.

"What will you give me?"

"I don't mind giving fourpence."

"Why, you offered sixpence yourself. You won't beat me down like that. It's very cruel of you."

"I don't care about the thing at all, that's the truth. Why don't you take it somewhere else? I don't want to keep you out of a good thing."

"Give it me back then, and I will do so."

"Give it you back?"

"You've got it!"

"Don't stand there, you little thieving rascal, and talk to me that way. I've never even clapt eyes on your waistcoat—what do you mean by it? How dare you!"

This was too much for poor Clam to bear. She burst out crying loudly, and going to the door called to Nelly, who was waiting outside, nearly worn out with fatigue. Then the two little girls joined issue and loaded the Jewess with their reproaches.

"Don't make that noise here," she retorted at last, when their lamentations had reached the highest pitch, "else I shall call the policeman. Come now, be quiet, there's dears, and you shall have the money."

She left them with this promise, and retiring into the back room, after some rummaging brought out a small piece of silver, which she handed to Clam.

"There you are; now go."

The little girls moved towards the door, glad enough at last even to take fourpence, so that they might go and buy something to eat. But as they approached the light, Clam looked more closely at the piece of silver, and felt the smooth edge. It was a threepenny piece.

"Why this isn't fourpence!" she cried indignantly. "Look here, what you've given me. I won't take this!"

The Jewess was at first half inclined to assert that the coin she had given was not the one Clam now offered to her. But changing her mind, she said that that was all she had in the house, and if the little girls were not content with it they could leave it. But she nevertheless would not give up the waistcoat.

"Give me another penny, and I'll go," said Clam.

"No."

"Give me back my waistcoat."

"I don't know where I've put it."

At last the old woman, saying she was wearied of the long discussion, agreed that they should have the other penny, and after another long rummage brought out a half-penny instead. By this time the poor children were sick at heart, and took the money without any further dispute.

"I know she has robbed us dreadfully," Clam said when they found themselves outside, "but I knew you could not wait any longer. Poor darling! how ill you look!"

"I do feel rather ill," said Nelly, in a faint voice; "but I shall be all right again presently. I think it is only the cold."

"Yes; you will be all right directly. There is a beautiful place to get coffee in the next court, and we can get a great cup and a lot of bread and butter for this money."

They moved on a few paces, when Nelly stopped her sister.

"Clam dear."

"Yes."

"Look at the money again before we go into the shop."

"Here it is; what do you mean?"

"You're quite sure it's good, aren't you? She was such a horrid old woman I was afraid she might have cheated us that way too."

It was an unlucky thing for the two little girls that this idea occurred to Nelly, for it led to a great misfortune. A few yards from the spot where they paused to look at the threepenny piece a long-legged youth was leaning against the side of a house, smoking a short clay pipe. As the girls approached, he looked towards them carelessly. When they produced the threepenny bit his eyes brightened, and he straightened himself up. They were very intent upon the examination of the coin, and did not notice this movement on his part, or else they might have felt rather mistrustful of his motive—for he was not a pleasing-looking young man. He had a long figure, two curls, one on each side of his forehead, carefully cultivated, with a twist towards the corner of his eye. Round his neck he wore a bright silk handkerchief of a red and-yellow pattern. His trousers fitted tightly to his thin legs, and he had great boots, and a great hand, with unmistakably thievish fingers. While the young girls were still looking at the piece of silver he approached stealthily, and made a snatch at it. They did not see the hand coming till it had secured the prize; then as Clam turned quickly and tried to lay hold of the robber, he struck her with his open palm across the face, and rushed away at full speed. The only thing to do was to cry "Stop thief!" and give chase. But what avail were the young girls' efforts against the long-legged robber's exertions? Besides, there was hereabouts a perfect labyrinth of crooked courts and lanes and alleys, and the thief seemed well acquainted with these twisted turnings. Therefore, after running for some seven or eight minutes up one court and down another, Clam and her sister concluded that they had seen the last of their money, and sat down on a door-step and had a good cry.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE HANDS OF THE LAW.

"What is the charge?
Bring forth the witnesses."

It was a weary life which thus seemed opening to the two poor homeless children. Unspeakably miserable and forlorn were they when night came, and, without having broken their fast all day, were now without shelter. The weather had changed since the morning, and it was almost as cold as winter. A sharp north-east wind blew round the street corners, and pitilessly penetrated all the usual shelters sought by the outcasts who habitually sleep abroad.

"We can't stop up all night in the streets," said Nelly; "what shall we do?"

"It's so hard to get into the workhouse; I'll tell you, though, there is a place."

"What is it?"

"It's up Holborn way, I think. It's what they call a refuge—a refuge for the destitute."

"What does that mean, Clam? Are we destitute?"

"I think we are, but I'm not sure if we're destitute enough. We might try, though."

"Yes, let us ask them to take us in."

They found the place they were in search of without much difficulty, though at that time it lay half hidden in a nest of foul and noisome streets. It was a large white-washed building, in front of the door of which were gathered a small crowd of wretched looking creatures, some tall and meagre, in the last stage of decline, and torn with hacking coughs, others mere children, hoarse with inflammation of the lungs. Huddled together upon the greasy pavement, these unfortunate ones watched the closed door with painful anxiety, breaking the silence only at rare intervals by a faint whisper. The larger portion of this little crowd was made up of children, and when the doors were presently opened and our two little girls admitted, they found that the refuge was almost filled with unfortunates of about the same age as themselves. Poor little miserables, for the most part dirt and sores disfigured their bodies. Their eyes were swollen and their faces puffed out and feverish, or horribly emaciated and wearing unmistakable signs of starvation upon their fleshless cheeks. Some had tramped up from the country fifty miles and more, living on blackberries and turnips by the way, and were footsore and crippled. Some had slept over night under a hedge, some in doorways. As for food, they had picked what they had had out of the gutter where the vagrant cure find their provender. One boy had been a thief, and naively said he had not found it answer. He had been "doing handkerchers," as he called it, and for those he stole got something like twopence halfpenny apiece. Lately he had been tearing down posters from the walls and selling them, which was also a very poor sort of trade, for the old paper is sold at about fourteen pence a hundred weight if not too dirty. In this dreadful company the two children passed the night, only too grateful for the shelter the charity kindly provided them, and for an eight ounce loaf with which every occupant of the refuge was presented. There were in all three hundred homeless outcasts here of all ages, but scarcely a word was spoken by any of them. Prayers were read, in which all joined. Then they dried their rags by the fire and crept into their cribs, where rugs and mattresses were provided for them. Some groaned and tossed their arms in their sleep, but for the most part they lay silent and motionless, their haggard faces and sunken eyes looking awfully like death.

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Another day! and the world once more before the sisters. What were they now to do? whither turn for food and shelter? They wandered about as they had done the day before, and once more sought shelter in the refuge. The same course was pursued upon the morrow, except as regarded the shelter, for there was an unusual gathering at the refuge owing to the bitterness of the cold, and they were locked out.

"We must go back to the band," said Clam, and they went to their old quarters.

But the band had been dispersed, and though they lingered about many hours none of the children could be seen. Nelly was now in such a deplorable condition, it seemed impossible that she could live much longer unless she went into a hospital. She had not tasted food for two days, and was in a high state of fever. At last things came to that desperate state that Clam began to think seriously of proposing that they should drown themselves; and they probably would have carried out that idea had not a little incident occurred which altered the course of events. Sitting crouching on Westminster Bridge by the side of her sister, Clam saw a gentleman going by, pulling out his pocket-handkerchief, drop his pocket-book. Thinking this a splendid chance of earning sixpence, she sprang forward and picked it up. The gentleman was crossing the road, but when Clam would have followed, a hansom coming up she was obliged to run back.

The gentleman in this instant of time missed his property, and saw it in Clam's hand and saw her retreating. Making rush forward, in another moment he was shouting, "Stop thief!"

Terrified, the girl flung down the book and ran, but in a moment was overtaken and in the hands of a policeman.

CHAPTER III.

THE GIRL IN JAIL.

"A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive;
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for one alive.
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of WRONG;
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,
And honest men among."

I am going to write an account of female life in prison. A real account of prison life, without exaggeration or perversion or any attempt to invest the unhappy captives with a romance which does not belong to them. The pictures of the interior mysteries of the jail world, which here, I believe for the first time, an attempt is made to produce in a work of fiction, represent a state of things which occurred a few years ago; but at the present time, with but slight variation, they occur now in the various large prisons in London and the provinces. The name of the particular prison described has been suppressed for obvious reasons, which will presently be apparent to the reader.

* * * * * * *

One soft, warm autumn day, about four in the afternoon, there was great excitement in a small way in the neighborhood of Bow street. The excitement was entirely confined to persons of a ragged and mouldy exterior, who had moreover a suspicious look about them not calculated to inspire confidence in the mind of a stranger with anything in his pocket. These were the thieves' friends, and the thieves were inside the police office, from which they would be taken very shortly in the prisoners' van, and the excitement alluded to was the seeing of the prisoners off upon their unpleasant journey. The gloomy-looking conveyance, with the external appearance of which many of my readers may be familiar, is in the inside divided into two rows of cells, with a narrow corridor running up between them, and in the passage a policeman keeps guard to see that no talismanic signs are exchanged between the passengers. Upon the outside, as you know, is a place resembling that on which the conductor is perched upon the omnibuses we ride in, whose duty it is to keep the door securely locked, and be ready, if needs be, to assist his companion inside. The hour of departure having arrived, the van, or as its principal passengers fondly nicknamed it, Black Maria, drew up at the door; then the policeman descended from his perch and unlocked the door with a patent latch-key. As yet there were no prisoners inside except the other policeman, or warder rather, who is there ready to receive the "fares." The preparations complete, the company were brought out one by one and disposed of in the little boxes inside "her Majesty's carriage," and the spectators crowded eagerly round, called out their messages, and exchanged as many nods and winks with the prisoners as the hurried passage from the station-house to the van admitted of. There was first of all a very small pickpocket, who came out with a defiant swagger, leering at a friend who had come to see him, and nodding in reply to some remark in "back slang" which he made as he passed by. Then there was a very dirty old man with ragged gray hair; a frightened, fair haired little girl, barefooted; and a sleek, sly-looking gentleman in rusty black, who called to a woebegone woman in the crowd to take care and have a clean shirt ready for him on Saturday; a young woman with a haggard face and painted cheeks; a swell mobsman, attired in what the police-reporters call "the height of fashion;" then three women, of whom more anon.

Then Clam. As she came down the steps she gazed around wistfully with tear-dimmed eyes. She thought perhaps that Nell might be there among the crowd, but nothing was to be seen of her. She would have lingered a moment to make sure, but the policeman urged her on. She was the last, and then the door was closed, some among the ragged spectators set up a melancholy "hoorsy," and the van drove off. There are many sad sights in London to be seen every day, but few sadder than the starting of this dreary vehicle of an afternoon. As Sala says in writing on the subject, "The Pharisee thanked Heaven that he was not 'as that publican.' Down on your knees, well-nurtured, well instructed youth, and thank Heaven for the parents and friends, for the pastors and masters, to whose unremitting care and tenderness from your cradle upwards you owe it that you are not like one of these miserable publicans just gone away in the prisoners' van. A change at nurse—the death of a parent—one out of the fifty thousand accidents that beset life—might have thrown you into the sink of misery and want, foulness and crime, in which these creatures were reared, and you might have been here to-day, not gazing on the spectacle with complacent pity, but trundled with manacles on your wrists into this moving pest house, whose half-way house is the jail, and whose bourne is the gallows.

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The story of poor Clam's committal can be briefly told. Her being caught with the stolen property in her hand and while in the act of running away told seriously against her. As, however, she eloquently pleaded her innocence, and as the magistrate was inclined to think that there might be some truth in the story she told, she was remanded for a week until inquiries could be made, and she was sent to the house of detention. The gentleman whose pocket-book had been, as he thought, stolen, did not share in the lenient view of the case taken by the magistrate. In his eyes Clam had all the looks of a regular thief. He, too, asserted that he had felt a tug at his pocket, and that when he had passed Clam a minute or two before the girl had eyed him in a very suspicious manner, which had attracted his attention, and he had said to himself, "That is a young thief."

According to Clam's account of herself, she was sitting on the bridge with her sister, but when inquiries were made nothing was known of the other girl. She, too, it would seem, had run away, and had not followed Clam to the court when brought there by the policeman. Clam, however, gave the most straightforward answers when questioned respecting her past life, and gave the address of the beerhouse. No policeman in the court knew her by sight, which went greatly in her favor, as perhaps policemen as a rule are gifted with extraordinary powers of memory in this respect. She was, therefore, remanded for a week, as has already been stated, and inquiries were made. Unhappily, these inquiries did not prove very satisfactory. The Last Hope beerhouse, it was proved, was very unfavorably known in the neighborhood as the resort of various bad characters. Furthermore, its owner had recently disappeared in a mysterious manner, much in debt; and there were also rumors of his being "wanted" as an accomplice before the act in a certain daring jewelry robbery, in which the famous Savage was implicated.

With respect to Clam individually, the best that could be said of her was that she had lived as best she could about the streets, and was the associate of a number of little vagabond boys, whom a policeman denominated "a pack of thieves, the lot on 'em."

"And if you please, your worship," said he, "the prisoner there's the captain of the band."

As luck would have it, a late member of this formidable fraternity of desperadoes, known by the name of Peter, otherwise Piccadilly Peter, was at that moment in trouble, and in custody at that very court. What he knew of the matter was elicited from him after some badgering and intimidation. Previous to this, however, a statement had been made by a policeman respecting the prisoner's sex. It had been stated that she had answered all questions respecting her past life in a straightforward manner. This is true; she had answered all questions properly; but it had not occurred to the magistrate to ask whether she was a boy or girl, and she had called herself Joe Graveling, foolishly imagining that she would get off at once, and thus the fraud would never be detected. But of course the truth had come out directly she got to the house of detention, and a statement respecting the deceit she had practiced, brought by one of the matrons, now very seriously prejudiced the magistrate against her. Piccadilly Peter, put in the box, was examined.

"Do you know the prisoner?"

"I knows someone somethink like him."

"What makes you say 'him' when it is a girl you are speaking of?"

"The one what was somethink like her we always called him."

Clam was not now dressed in boy's clothes, some more suitable apparel having been found by the authorities at the house of detention.

"It is the same girl, is it not, that you knew as Joe Graveling?"

"I don't know no Joe Gravelings. The one I knew was Clam."

"Was what?"

"Was Clam."

"Clam—what's that?"

"Clam's starving."

"What does the fellow mean?" asked the magistrate of an inspector in attendance; "is that some slang term?"

The inspector leant his head on one side, and thought the matter over; then, on reflection, said he did not know. This was a chance for some one else. A policeman not long joined saw his opportunity.

"It's a new term, sir," he said.

"What for?"

"It means a thief, sir—sort of chief, sir."

"Thank you," said the magistrate, and determined to keep his eye on this intelligent officer for the future.

Peter here added his testimony to the value of the information unthinkingly:—

"He was our capting, sir, Clam was, and a fust-rate good one."

"O, a captain, eh—a captain of what?"

"Of the band, sir."

"A band of young thieves, I suppose?"

"We never thieved nothink, sir."

"What did you do?"

"We got our living about the streets, sir, holding horses and things."

"When you got no money?"

"We mostly went without them times, sir."

The testimony of this witness did not favor the prisoner's case. The gentleman who had preferred the charge was still convinced that Clam had picked his pocket. The charge was made out against her, and the magistrate decided upon dealing with the case in a summary manner. Therefore, as we have seen, the prisoners' van presently came to fetch her, and her destination was the jail where she was to serve out her time.

Half stunned by this unjust punishment, the poor girl had not a word to say for herself as she was led almost blinding from the dock. The thought which had full possession of her mind, to the exclusion of all others, was how on earth her darling Nelly would go on when she was away, and unable to assist her. Indeed, how was she going on now—what was she doing!—where was she? The uncertainty regarding her fate was, if anything, more dreadful than the truth could have been, even if that were that she was dead. All the time the examination

had been going on Clam had been anxiously looking forward to her appearance, and now in passing out of the court to the van she saw nothing of her still, and her last hope was gone. As the door of the dreary vehicle banged to, her heart sank within her breast, and she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

* * * * * * *

In less than half an hour the van had reached its first halting place, and drove into a court yard. Here several of the prisoners were left, and the van again started, carrying this time Clam, and three others whose cases had also been summarily disposed of, to the jail where their term of imprisonment was to be passed. Of the exterior of the prison they, of course, saw nothing. They heard the outer bell rung, then the great gates unlocked and swung back, and the inner gates of iron work opened in like fashion. Then the policeman helped Clam and her companions to alight. In the reception-room one of the prison matrons was in attendance, ready to take down the particulars of the case, the name, age, and length of sentence, which were all entered in the prison register.

The prisoners were then, with certain formalities, handed over to the prison authorities, and the van driven away. As Clam stood shivering in the chill prison air, she had for the first time an opportunity of observing her companions in misfortune. One was a stunted, low-browed Irish girl, about a couple of years older than she was herself; the second was, perhaps, twenty-five years old, with a superior dress and appearance; the third was a tall, strong woman with a lowering expression of face and restless eyes. Clam looked towards them in a despairing sort of way, wondering in the weary life in store for her whether she should be able to make friends with any of these persons. She was aroused from a reverie into which she had fallen by one of the prison matrons calling for her to follow; and she followed to a room where another woman was in attendance armed with a formidable pair of scissors.

"Sit down here."

"What am I to do, miss, if you please?"

"Do nothing. You are going to have your hair cut."

It was already cropped rather short to suit the male attire she had been wearing, so that the loss of an extra inch or so was not of much consequence. But this was not the case with the other three prisoners. The Irish girl, it is true, submitted herself without a murmur to her fate, merely compressing her lips whilst the snipping was in progress, and marching off to the bath when it was over in the most business-like fashion. The woman who has been described as of superior appearance, however, began to weep passionately, and shivered when she heard the clip of the scissors, as though it was her flesh that was being cut.

"O, don't do it, miss; O, please don't do it," she pleaded. "I shall be so disgraced when I come out again, I shall never be able to show my face. O, please don't cut off my hair! You may do what else you choose. You may make me work as hard as you like, but do not disfigure me like all the common wretches."

"You should not have committed a crime which subjected you to such companionship," replied one of the matrons; "besides, it is a strict rule of the prison that your hair should be cut. It must be done."

Thus speaking, the matron tried gently to force her into a chair. But the prisoner flew into a passion.

"You dare not do it," she cried; "I am a married woman."

"What of that? What do you mean?"

"Nobody dare cut my hair. It is the property of my husband, and without his consent no one dare cut it."

"Don't talk in that ridiculous way, my good creature. It is a rule of the prison, and you must submit. You might as well say that we should not lock you up because you were your husband's property."

"I say it is illegal, and I demand to see the governor."

"Do sit down quietly."

"No; I will see the governor."

"What for?"

"Because I know he will not allow an illegal act to be committed. Please send for him."

This request, however, was not complied with, and presently, after much argument and many tears and entreaties, the remorseless shears did their work.

"So much for her," Clam heard one of the matrons say in a low tone to a companion; "we shall have some trouble with the other one, though, I fancy."

"It's a cruel practice, I think," replied the other matron; "I wish it was done away with."

"In some cases it might be, perhaps. But then, how make the exception? It is positively necessary in some cases that it should be done, so as to preserve necessary cleanliness. Besides, it is only a nonsensical idea, you know. Once upon a time no lady would have cut her hair—'nature's adornment'—but of late years many have done it because it has been a sort of fashion to wear curly crops."

"Ah, they do it of their own free will."

"Yes; when they do so they don't care about the sacrifice; but here it is different, and I have known women who have not hesitated about murdering those nearest and dearest to them, but who yet prayed and entreated and clasped their hands and begged for mercy, as though they were to be tortured instead of cropped by the scissors."

The matron's prophecy regarding the fourth prisoner proved true enough.

"You don't touch me, so I tell 'ee," was the unpromising remark she made when told that it was her turn.

The matrons on this occasion did not offer many persuasive arguments, as it was easy enough to see that their soothing speeches would be wasted on the desert air. There was something in the woman's ferocious face and athletic form which showed that she would be an awkward customer to deal with. The assistance was therefore called in of the gatekeeper and one or two other men attached to the establishment, who at an order from one of the principal matrons approached and endeavored to lay hold of her. They might as well have tried to hold back a runaway steam-engine. She shook them from her as a dog shakes water from his coat, and let out one, two from the shoulder in real prize fighting style. Coming up out of breath, and one with a bleeding face, the men renewed their attack, and after a desperate and prolonged struggle forced the tigress into the operating chair. Then, like lightning, the bright scissors flew round her head—clip, clip—and her locks strewed the ground. Biting and swearing and struggling still, she was taken away to the bath, which is the next ordeal to which a prisoner has to submit, and at length, attired in the prison dress, or as much of it as could be put on, she was taken away to her cell. Clam having also undergone the bathing process, assumed the costume handed to her—brown serge, blue check apron and muslin cap—and she was then marched off to her cell.

"You will know your duties to-morrow," said the matron. "Can you read?"

"A little, miss."

"There is a Testament there. You will have something to eat presently. Be quiet, and obedient to the rules of the prison, and it will be better for you."

The matron passed out with these words, and the door closed behind her with a click. Clam now, for the first time, thoroughly realised that she was a prisoner, and that a long term of solitary imprisonment was before her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SKITTLES.

SKITTLE PLAYING EXTRAORDINARY.

e exodus of the pugilistic element from "merrie England" been followed by that of others whose peculiar inclinations run in other channels of sport, and if the fever continues the tile six-by-nine isle beyond the sea will soon be extensively represented in the land of the free by prominent devotees of all branches of sport. This influx of energetic sporters will no doubt have a tendency to greatly advance the interests of athletic exercises among us, and as an advocate of all harmless, manly and health giving recreations, when properly conducted, we extend a hearty welcome to the new comers. These remarks have been mainly called forth by the number of notables from the chalky cliffs whom we noticed at 320 Eighth avenue, on the night of Tuesday, 18th inst., gathered there to witness the playing of the interesting skittle match between L. Sidney, a recent importation, and T. Blackmore. Prominent among them were George Topley, the celebrated pedestrian, called for short "Nudger," who has been keeping very shady since his advent some weeks since; Wakefield, *alias* "the Vicar;" Fred. Norley, the skillful professional of the St. George Club, who "loikes a sup o' good bier," and James Smith, not "Pork Pie Jimmy," but a well-known sporting man who had just arrived from London town that day, and, according to his own account, found his way to the Half Way House "just has easy has though 'e was going from Nat Lang'am's to Howen Swift's." In addition to these there were many others whose names are familiar in the base ball, cricket, pugilistic, pedestrian, skittling and billiard world, the attendance being very large, as great interest was evinced in the match under consideration. In our last issue we reported a duo of matches contested between Blackmore and Sidney on the 13th inst., in each of which the latter, who was the challenging party, proved triumphant. After the conclusion of the brace of matches alluded to the parties agreed to have a third trial for $25 a side, 11 chalks up, Blackmore giving his antagonist two chalks and allowing him to run up, while the giver stood fair. Notwithstanding these heavy odds the monetary speculation was in favor of Blackmore when play began, owing to the ease with which he won the two prior games. The old saw, "there's many a slip," etc., was forcibly brought to mind by the result, however, for Sidney, who seemed in much better trim than on the first day, played brilliantly changing the betting to 5 to 1 in his favor and ultimately securing the victory by five chalks, after three quarters of an hour's play. This result surprised everybody, and none more so than Blackmore himself, who, thinking the large odds given was the main cause of his vanquishment, proposed the playing of another on equal terms. This proposition was readily accepted by Sidney, and a match, 11 chalks up, for a similar stake, arranged, each man to play as he pleased, and both choosing to run up. Betting upon this game was more spirited than on the first, but the efforts of Blackmore to regain his lost laurels were fruitless, Sidney doing execution in magnificent style, winning frequent encomiums from the appreciative spectators, and finally terminating a contest of forty minutes' duration with the victory again in his favor, this time by a tally of 11 to 4. The superb manner in which the victor cut out the work, making nine floorers out of the eleven chalks, and two 2's—a feat seldom, if ever, previously accomplished—drew forth unbounded admiration, which oftimes found vent in earnest, well-deserved applause. Mickey Wakefield officiated as referee for Blackmore and Sloman for Sidney. After the congratulatory courtesies had been extended the winner, and the buzz succeeding the contest had subsided, Wakefield and Hawkins proceeded to decide their match for $25 a side, 11 points up, stand fair. The play upon both sides was excellent, but the Vicar established his superiority by achieving the victory after one of the prettiest games of the evening, the score at the finish standing 11 to 7. Altogether, the evening was very pleasantly passed, and those who attended left well satisfied.

SKITTLES AND BAGATELLE PLAYING ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.—The announcement that a prize sheep would be contested for at the Brewery Shades, West Forty-first street, on the 22d inst., had the effect of drawing together a large delegation of experts at skittles and bagatelle. The mutton was equally divided, one-half being given to the winners of the respective games. A dozen contestants entered the list at skittles viz: Young Hawkshaw, T. Blackmore, Keating, William Campbell, Brinkworth, L. Sidney, Abraham, Molloy, McCarthy, Carroll, Carson and "Champagne Charley." The playing was very good, but, to the surprise of all, Charley Loomis defeated all, including the champions, and captured the trophy, which he took with the remark that he could "eat that, anyhow," alluding to the piece of pork which he won a few weeks since, but which his creed wouldn't allow of his indulging in. Geo. Dunning and Pop Payne officiated as umpires, giving entire satisfaction. The competitors at bagatelle were Ed. Hawkshaw, Harry Jackson, *alias* "Black Diamond," Tim Harris, Draycott, Flanders, "the pie man;" Johnny Dunn, Jem Carson and Johnny Smith. Harris was the lucky victor, and seemed much elated with his good fortune.

CHALLENGE FROM SIDNEY.—This fine skittle player is ready to make a match to play any man in the country a game of 11 or 21 chalks, run up, for from $50 to $200 a side. He can be found at Cleaver's, 920 Eighth avenue.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

J. H. S., Philadelphia.—1. Billy Birch, bones. 2. They will not visit Philadelphia this season. 3. Have never seen that Baker. 4. He is not considered a first-class performer. 5. About thirty dollars a week. 6. The San Francisco Minstrels opened in this city May 8, 1865. During the summer of 1866 they traveled west a short distance, and last summer went to Washington and Baltimore. Charley Henry has not been connected with them at any time. 7. Mr. Henry is considered one of the best balladists in the business.

G. H. W., Louisville, Ky.—"1. In a game of seven up A and B are partners against C and D. A and B are 4 to C and D nothing; A and B bet C and D that they will skunk C and D; A and B make high, low, Jack, to C and D's game. Both parties claim the bet. Were they skunked? 2. In a game of pitch, where a number are playing, each one for himself, if two are tie for game, who is game?"......1. C and D were skunked. 2. In the event of a tie, on counting game, no point is taken on either party.

R. C., Chicago, Ill.—The conditions of the agreement entered into between Swift and Goodrich were, that the winner of three matches in five was to be declared champion. Swift won two of the three skated, and if, as reported, Goodrich refused to contest the fourth, when Swift was ready and willing to do so, and the latter won the champion medal at the Keystone rink tournament, he (Swift) is, we think, entitled to the championship.

ENQUIRER, Philadelphia.—He did have a little scrimmage during his late engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. In his usual swaggish style he commenced to browbeat some of the little people in the theatre, when a "super" gave him a good warming, and he carried a black eye around Philadelphia for a day or two.

F. C., New York.—1. The *Herald*, we believe. 2. The *Ledger*. 3. Two per cent. on gross receipts. 4. There is no such champion either in the P. R. or the billiard world. 5. Foulkes is champion of America. 6. The lady is about seventeen years old and was born in Cincinnati. 7. Buy the CLIPPER, for there is no book.

FRIEND.—We have noticed the article in the New York paper you refer to, but bless you, we have something better to do than palaver with such abortions. Being in an extremely impecunious condition, the sheet will collapse soon enough through sheer weakness. We have no inclination to kick a thing when it's down and helpless.

KING CROW, Washington, D. C.—1. Heenan and Sayers fought only once. 2. Never. 3. That's altogether a matter of opinion. Different persons excel in different positions. 4. There is no recognized champion at present. 5. Charles Freeman's height was 6 feet 10½ inches.

PUTNAM, Cairo, Ill.—The history of cribbage is rather obscure in regard to when first played. It is an English game, however, and as the six card game is most generally played and given preference in the books, we believe it is more ancient than the five card game.

CORRESPONDENT, Grand Rapids, Mich.—1. Tender the lady a polite invitation, either personally or by letter. 2. Escort her home, either pedestrianically or equestrianically; protect her from the weather, defend her from insult or assault and battery, and carry all her superfluous baggage.

JAMES W. O., Virginia City.—Unless barred at the making of the match, it is quite proper to make use of the bridge or "crotch," and cannot be debarred unless by mutual consent; consequently A must pay forfeit.

JIM, Bloomington, Ill.—1. Tom King became Champion of England by defeating Jem Mace. 2. He was previously beaten by Mace. 3. She is not married. 4. Prof. Morse. 5. That is altogether a matter of opinion.

WALKER, Chicago, Ill.—1. We have no record of any such performance. 2. Capt. Barclay and Lambert are credited with having accomplished the feat of walking one thousand miles in one thousand hours.

BALTIMORE.—1. The Stadt Theatre will seat 3,385 persons comfortably. Over 4,800 people have gained admission. 2. Nelse and Effie were never married to one another. A letter directed to the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, will reach her.

G. W. H., Rochester.—1. Begin at the top left hand corner and count across the board. 2. He is at the Academy of Music, New Orleans. 3. Tommy Peel is considered the champion jig dancer. 4. Have never seen D. C. Price perform.

ONE OF 'EM.—It would take up more space than we can spare to re-publish the instructions you desire. Dick & Fitzgerald, whose address will be found in another column, can supply your wants.

ROUGH Xenia, O.—1. May 27th. 2. Write to Peck & Co., 105 Nassau street. 3. Dick Holliwood beat Billy McManus, and Pritchard was beaten by Dorsey and fought a draw with Keating. He was born in County Louth, Ireland.

AN OLD READER, Bridgeport, Ct.—The first steamer that crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, which is recorded as having made the passage from New York to Liverpool in twenty-six days. This was in the summer of 1819.

FORT FISHER.—He will not play in this city until he opens his new theatre now building. 2. Edwin Booth is a better Hamlet than the late Charles Kean.

R. A., Philadelphia.—1. The troupe have traveled, during the warm weather, but did not last summer. 2. Lew Simmons is a married man. 3. They are not brothers.

VIRGIL, New Hamburgh.—1. The agent must see the city or town authorities and procure his license first, and then attend to his pasting. 2. We advertise letters only once.

J. M. D., Harrisburg, Pa.—You can procure a directory of Trow & Co., No. 50 Greene street, N. Y. We haven't space to publish a list of the L's.

DUFFER, Baltimore.—This correspondent asks what the census of New York is for 1868. We presume he is a member of the duffer family.

A. C., Memphis, Tenn.—The money sent pays for two insertions and 50 cents over. For six months, $93; for twelve months, $186.

KENO, Brooklyn.—1. Connect yourself with some first class theatre and work yourself up by degrees. 2. He is at present in New Orleans.

BASE BALL.—1. James Madigan is an expert in turning a double somersault. 2. Piau is the best we have seen in the business in this country.

T. F. B., Chicago, Ill.—Bob Way cleared 12ft 8¼in., which is the biggest standing jump of which we have any authentic record. We cannot say whether he jumped with weights or not.

G. W. H., Washington.—Forepaugh's Circus started on its Southern tour, but business was so bad the show returned to Philadelphia and disbanded.

W. J. F., Philadelphia, Pa.—O'Baldwin was defeated by Andrew Marsden in three rounds, occupying 3½ minutes. He afterwards beat George Iles and Marsden.

BIGUN, Troy.—1. We cannot give you the desired information about Mrs. Gordan. 2. Alice was divorced from her husband a few months ago.

E. W., Poughkeepsie.—We cannot inform you of his present whereabouts.

T. C. M., New York.—As A bet he would beat B, and only tied him, he (A) lost.

QUERY, Winsted, Ct.—You had better refer your question to a good lawyer.

CLAUDE, Cleveland.—Your letter came to hand too late for our last issue, and the items were too old for the present CLIPPER.

SPOONEY, Greencastle.—1. We shall publish the list in a complete state about the 20th of March. 2. Nelse Seymour.

SPENCE, Bellefontaine.—1. Dick Sliter died in Jackson, Mich., May 21st, 1861. 2. Edwin Forrest was born in Philadelphia.

ROYAL NIBBS, Baltimore.—A mere matter of opinion which we care not to express.

SUBSCRIBER, Georgetown, D. C.—Write to Charley June, Newburgh, N. Y.

DON CARLOS XERXES, Pittsburgh, Pa.—1. Write to the parties. 2. No. 3. There is none.

CHICAGO PET.—He was out a V only. Paying the debt of $1.50 was not losing it.

SEE-SEE JAY, Peekinsville, Ind.—An ordinary stone is 14lbs; but 8lbs are considered a stone by butchers.

R. H. D.—Apply to Mr. J. B. Donniker, of the San Francisco Minstrels.

YOUNG AMERICA, Meadville.—They never travel with minstrel parties.

CHICAGO.—Only that player who made the trump could go alone.

W. E. C., Cleveland.—It is the custom to give the dealer that privilege, but we consider it a very bad custom.

J. S. K.—It is not quite up to the standard, and must, therefore, be respectfully declined.

K. A. H., Goshen, N. Y.—The lines are not of sufficient general interest to warrant their publication.

DASHER, New Orleans.—We already have a correspondent in your city.

A. DIXON, Bridgeport, Ct.—Yankee Sullivan never fought Deaf Burke. He beat Bob Caunt near Harper's Ferry, Va.

J. McD., Salem, Mass.—When you send a deposit to this office your challenge will appear.

J. B., Paterson, N. J.—1. Cannot furnish the back numbers you wish. 2. The article has not appeared in print.

NEGAUNEE.—Edwin Booth was born near Baltimore, in Nov. 1833.

MASTER, New Orleans.—We cannot inform you the birth place of the lady.

FRANK, New Orleans.—There are several in the profession so afflicted. It is not by any means an obstacle to success.

W. T. M., Albany.—James Wallack died in this city Dec. 25th, 1864. He was the father of Lester Wallack.

OLYMPIC, Macon, Ga.—1. The judgment was correct. The umpire cannot decide a point which he does not see.

TRAVELER, Louisville.—We already have a correspondent in your city.

S. A., Rochester.—1. Dr. Galbourn is somewhere in the West. 2. He was admitted to bail.

PREACHER, Great Falls, N. H.—1. Can't say. 2. Banjos are advertised for sale in the CLIPPER.

J. W. C., Lowell.—We never saw such a book.

E. T.—He is at present performing in Chicago.

A. J. T.—Sixes.

CONSTANT READER, N. Y.—In 1857, we believe.

A. B. C., Hartford, Conn.—O'Baldwin was born in Jan., 1840.

R. F. C.—Made her *debut* in 1849, and was married in 1852.

BLACK EYED SUSAN.—They are reported to be married.

MELNOT, Akron.—We do not issue such documents.

W. F. W., Belfast, Me.—For each insertion 80 cents.

C. D. CHAPIN.—For 13 times, cash in advance, $10.40.

FRED., Cleveland.—See answer to W. E. C.

X. X. X., Cincinnati, O.—The latest edition is exhausted.

J. K. U., Grand Rapids, Mich.—One dollar each insertion.

CROOK, Covington.—He is a humorist, not a ventriloquist.

THE CAMPAIGN OF '68.

IN a political point of view the coming twelve months promise to be the most exciting we have had since the log cabin and hard cider campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" of 1840, when everybody took a hand in the Presidential game; when conventions, and barbecues, and processions were the order of the day, culminating in the elevation of Wm. H. Harrison to the Presidency of "those" United States, and the mortification of the under dogs in the fight. Old Tip went in on a hard cider platform, for there was no Excise Law in those days such as we have now in this city, and which has served more than anything else to weaken the Republican party in this State, as the same kind of law weakened it in the Keystone State. Already, at this early stage of the campaign, the antagonistic parties are buckling on their armor for the strife, and each succeeding day serves but to add to the "general awakening" and to the importance of the contest. The wire pullers are hard at work, trying this political puppet to see how it will go, and what sort of strain it will bear before collapsing; jerking at that one to get it out of the way as so much dead wood and useless rubbish; and repairing this old performer, in hopes of making him an attractive card in the general programme. Each party will make a big thing out of the nominating convention, and the delegates to those important assemblages will read their titles clear to official mansions in the political skies. And when the conventions have done their work, and the candidates have been named, and platforms built for them to stand on, then the rank and file will be called in to do the real work of the campaign; the hitites will assume lofty dimensions, and their unaccountable influence will be made to play an important part in the "bill of the play;" money will flow, probably, like milk and honey, but considerably sweeter; there will be big wheels and little wheels, each revolving round one common centre, and all tending to the good of themselves through the man on the platform; and there will be "rings" of various sorts and sizes, and those who cannot find admittance within one can easily gain access to another. There will also be free feeds and free rides, and no political man will be ashamed to take "any other man" by the hand "for this occasion only;" all will stand alike on two substantial platforms, and those "who know their rights will dare maintain them," while others will proclaim that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," that "truth crushed to earth will rise again;" and much more of the same sort. And finally, to the victor will belong the spoils, and then will come the struggle for office, when political brothers will slay each other, and go in for themselves. Oh! but there is rare sport ahead. We calmly await the issue, and exclaim in the language of our sporting friends, "A fair field; no favor; may both men be well on the day, and may the best man win."

SENSATIONAL PLAYS.

For a long time we have been indebted to Boucicault, "Tom" Taylor, Robertson, etc., authors on the other side of the big drink, for our sensational plays; but within the past year a few of our own authors have come prominently into notice, and as writers of several sensation dramas they have met with decided favor. Among those referred to may be mentioned Augustin Daly and F. C. Fulton, the former the author of "Under the Gaslight," and other plays, the latter the author of "Nobody's Daughter." These two plays—of the orthodox sensational stamp—met with great success in this city, and are now being performed in various theatres in all parts of the country, to not only excellent business, but to the delight of all who witness them. Give our own writers the same encouragement that is so freely extended by our managers to authors abroad, and the American stage need never lack novelty. Miss Olive Logan—we beg the lady's pardon for not mentioning her first—recently wrote a play called "Surf;" it was produced in Philadelphia, and attracted large audiences. Col. Fitzgerald also tried his hand at a drama called "Light at Last," which also drew largely in the same city. To Mrs. John Drew, manager of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, we are indebted for the presentation of these two American plays to the notice of theatre-goers. To show the popular appreciation of the sensational works of American writers, we might instance the fact that while Boucicault's "Flying Scud"—recently produced at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia—failed to please or to replenish the treasury, Daly's "Under the Gaslight" had a most successful run of several weeks at the Arch, in that city, and was only withdrawn on the 22d, to make room for the charming little Lotta. American writers have heretofore aimed at a higher class of dramatic literature than that given us of late years by English dramatists; but seeing that the public taste runs toward the sensational, the impossible and the exciting, several of them have turned their attention in that direction, with what success has already been stated; and this success, no doubt, will incite them to greater efforts in the same field. Tragedy and works of heavy calibre are not popular at the present day, whatever they may have been formerly. Edwin Forrest, some few years ago, offered a money prize for a first-class tragedy, but his offer failed to procure anything beyond mediocrity. Since the late Robert T. Conrad gave us the tragedy of "Jack Cade" we have had nothing in that line worthy of extended approval. The sensational style is what hits the popular taste at present; how long it will so continue we cannot undertake to foretell. Our writers in that line now begin to rival the dramatists of England, and if American managers will give all an equal chance, we believe our own will stand well in the comparison.

PIOUS QUARRELS.—When church ministers, deacons and other pious people "fall out and chide and fight," surely the untutored advocate of "the bunch of fives" ought not to be condemned for his desire to have a game of fisticuffs with an opponent worthy of his knuckles. The religious world has been greatly exercised of late over the trial of Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., for an alleged infraction of a certain canon of the Episcopal church, in that he officiated in a Methodist church, in Jersey, some time ago, instead of minding his own business, and attending to the spiritual welfare of his own parishoners, who, it is to be presumed, are more in need of his advice and good offices than the followers of John Wesley in the benighted regions of New Brunswick. What are the unpious people to think of "the meek and lowly" after seeing them engage in civil strife, and hearing them denounce each other in unmeasured terms? Verily, the teachers of good deeds, morality, piety and all that sort of thing, ought to set the worldly people a better example than that they have afforded us in the Tyng business. We deeply regret this unhappy quarrel among our pious friends, for its tendency is demoralizing, and its effect upon the sinful can but add to their wickedness. Stubbs and Boggs ought never to have permitted this fearful religious fight to come before the public, much less to have assumed its present unwieldy proportions. Let our professional pugilistic friends keep out of this amateur contest, and suffer the disputants to have it out without the aid of ropes and stakes, bottle holders, etc., furnished by the Pugilistic Benevolent Association. Boggs and Stubbs have much to answer for.

HARVARD VS. OXFORD.—By way of London we are placed in possession of certain correspondence between Harvard University, of Cambridge, Mass., and Oxford University Boat Club, of England, relative to a contemplated boat race between selected eights of those colleges of learning. The entire correspondence might have been made public in this country a month ago had the Harvard gentlemen seen proper to publish it, but we find it all in a London sporting paper, and to that source we are indebted for our information on the subject. We publish the correspondence in another column, by which it will be seen that no definite conclusion has been arrived at; that, as usual, the contest, should it come off at all, must take place in England; that both parties seem desirous of having a race, but that the sticking point is in reference to the coxswain, the Oxford Club insisting on carrying a coxswain while the Americans prefer to pull without that auxiliary, as is their custom in this country; they claim that, as they will row under many disadvantages in a strange country, they should have the privilege of rowing without a coxswain; at the same time granting their opponents the right to carry a coxswain if they prefer to do so, and if they consider it advantageous, which it might be were both boats to carry one, but not where Oxford carried one and the Americans did not. Our friends on the other side are skilful match makers, and seldom give a point away in arranging articles of agreement. September is the time spoken of as the most suitable for a meeting. We may probably hear further upon the subject when the London papers next come to hand.

BEER VERSUS PIETY.—Recently in Chicago a number of opera singers were engaged to sing in the "Stabat Mater," but a beer shop manager went a dollar or two better than the sacred parson, and the singers went back on the "Stabat," which was a serious stab at the pious manager's property.

A HUNKI DORI SURPRISE.—One of the most pleasant occurrences of the season happened in Brooklyn on the evening of Thursday, the 20th inst., in the shape of a surprise party making a descent upon the residence of M. T. Tyler, in Gold street, accompanied by a band of music and loaded down with the good things of this life, both edibles and bibibles. The *corps* that made the successful attack upon the hunki-dori residence was composed of gentlemen and ladies of the highest reputation, including Colonel Lafiura, Captain S. Sears, Captain Johnson, and Messrs. A. Conrey, E. Crandall, George King and Charles Carey, each one with their lady, with whom and the surprised they held a social revel over the refreshments and exercising on the light fantastic toe, including a hunki-dori cotillion, till the "wee sma hours ayant the twal." Hunki-dori all around!

THE DIFFERENCE.—While in the discharge of his duty a few evenings since a conductor on a Seventh avenue passenger car was stabbed to death by a "drunken gentleman;" yet our papers have had much less to say of that cowardly act than they said concerning the hand-to-hand fight opposite St. Louis, when one of the combatants died from excitement, a short time ago. The press generally seem to favor the use of the knife and pistol more than they do the naked fist. The "drunken, gentlemanly assassin" has not yet been arrested.

BECOMING CIVILIZED.—They are a progressive people out in the territories, and show fresh signs of civilization about every day. In an advertisement in a Denver, Colorado, paper, of a place recently opened there, is the following significant announcement:—"Amusement and Sport—Rundo, Coolo, Keno and Kimo, at the rooms over the Progressive. All are invited. Admission free."

BOAT ARCHITECTURE.—The boating fraternity have already begun to make preparations for the forthcoming season, and giving orders for boats and shells. Councilman Stephen Roberts has nearly constructed one of six oars for the Columbian Club, of Jersey City, forty-seven feet in length, of Spanish cedar. Its model and material will no doubt establish its character as a good boat.

A BARBEROUS ITEM.—"Cleveland rejoices in a female barber," says an exchange. That's no news, however, nor is it anything to wonder at, for we have known lots of poor fellows who have had their hoary locks combed (with a three legged stool and other weapons) by females.

WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.—The third masonic reunion in aid of the Widows and Orphans' Fund of Hoffman Lodge is to take place at Wilkison's Hall, Middletown, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 25, the 5th regiment band of this city being engaged to furnish the music. Thanks for card of invitation.

CURIOUS TALE OF A MAN.—There is a man in Lee, Mass., 22 years old, who says he never ate any meat, salt or butter, and never drank any tea, coffee, ale, or spirituous liquors of any kind in his life. "Our Jim" says, "may be he couldn't get 'em."

BIG BEEF.—Last week Messrs. Boraeff, of Philadelphia, killed seventeen steers, the largest weighing thirty-three hundred pounds, and ten weighing over thirty-one hundred pounds each.

LITTLE THING ON ICE.—The proprietor of the Cambridge, Mass., skating rink was recently fined $54 for refusing to admit two colored skatists to the rink.

OUR BOOT AND SHOEMAKERS are on a strike. They intend to peg away until they get the upper hand of the bosses, and secure all their rights.

[EVEN AT PARIS it is said that men hoot ladies who are too little dressed (?).]

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

DANIEL E. BANDMANN.

THIS tragedian is a native of Hesse Cassel. Made his first appearance with a company of amateurs at Turn Halle Theatre, New York, in 1860. Shortly after this he revisited Germany, where he developed his artistic powers. Returned to this country, and made his *debut* at the Stadt Theatre, in the Bowery, this city, in the German drama, and was remarkably successful. At the earnest solicitation of his friends, he concluded to appear on the American stage, and accordingly made his *debut* at Niblo's Garden Jan. 15, 1863, as Shylock. The composition of the audience was decidedly Teutonic in character, and hence Mr. Bandmann had several strong sympathizers and supporters present to aid him to carry out the experiment successfully. His success was undoubted, and whether we regard his performance in the light of a triumph over the obstacles he had to encounter in the difficulties the English language presents to foreigners, or in that of a novel interpretation of the dramatist's conception of the Jew's character, we must equally award Mr. Bandmann high praise for the talented and able manner in which he performed his part. His make-up was a model of historical accuracy, and was a welcome innovation on the accustomed attire in which we have been wont to see the Shylocks of the age appear. We may say the same, too, as regards many of the "points" in which he takes exception to the hackneyed rendition of the *role;* for his Shylock is among the most natural and sensible interpretations we have yet seen given of this Hebrew character. The admirable reading of the Jew's reply to Antonio, commencing with "Signor Antonio, many a time and oft," elicited a perfect storm of enthusiastic applause, so much so as to bring the artist on the stage to bow his acknowledgments; and, also, in his interview with Tubal, when his avarice and revenge struggle with him for the mastery, his representation of the mental conflict was fine in the extreme. He was withal so natural in action, and so fully repudiated the theatrical rant that has hitherto characterized nearly every rendition of the character, more or less, by every artist, from the late Charles Kean, at the Leonard Street Theatre, years ago, up to Edwin Booth, including Macready, Anderson, Forrest, etc., that we regard his performance, from beginning to end, as a dramatic and intellectual treat of the finest order. After a brief engagement he went on a starring tour. The following season he played another engagement at Niblo's Garden, appearing in the play of "Narcisse." On the 22d of June, 1865, he was married in this city to Alice Herschel, of Davenport, Iowa. A few months ago he sailed for England. His reputation as an actor preceded him to England, and he was consequently very well received by the dramatic writers and critics. John Forster, the celebrated critic, invited Bandmann to his house, to read "Narcisse" before Lord Lytton, and Bulwer expressed himself delighted with the reading, and requested Bandmann to read a scene from "Richelieu," which he did, to the entire satisfaction of the author. Tom Taylor was shortly after engaged to write up this play to suit an English audience, preparatory to making his *debut* at the Lyceum Theatre, London, on the 17th inst., and, in order to give an exact representation of the *locale*, sketches of the rooms at Versailles have been taken by M. Darran, the scenic *artiste* of the Porte St. Martin Theatre. The costumes will be also of the period. Mr. B. possesses a tall, majestic figure, and a clear, strong, melodious voice.

PEDESTRIANISM.

ARRIVAL OF A CHAMPION PEDESTRIAN.

A fresh sensation has been created in pedestrian and sporting circles in this vicinity by the arrival of the celebrated long-distance British walker, George Topley, who is now sojourning in the metropolis. This famous athlete was born in October, 1844, stands 5 feet 5¾ inches in height, and weighs 120 pounds. He is a near relative of the renowned John Smith, the "Regent Street Pet." On the 16th of January, 1864, he walked seven miles and a half within the hour, fairly and honestly; and eleven days afterward vanquished Jack Underwood in a four-mile match. At the following Whitsuntide he was victorious over Miles in a five mile stretch, and subsequently pulled off a seven mile handicap at Canterbury. In December, 1865, "Little Georgey," as he is familiarly termed, outwalked even Charley Westhall's great Newmarket performance, by accomplishing twenty-one miles in 2 hours, 58 minutes and 24 seconds in the midst of a drizzling rain, with the ground exceedingly slippery. In March, 1866, he again defeated Miles, of Brixton, allowing his opponent half a minute time in a seven mile burst. On Monday, July 20th, 1866, at the West London Grounds, Brompton, he performed the great task of walking eight miles within sixty minutes, on a bet of £25 a side. He won with 21 seconds to spare. Topley is also recorded as having walked nine miles in 72 minutes and 48 seconds; eleven miles in 1 hour, 22 minutes and 46 seconds, and fifteen miles in 2 hours, 3 minutes and 10 seconds. Topley came over in company with Mickey Wakefield, one of his backers, who formerly presided over a sporting drum in London, but lost pretty heavily in backing Sadler against Kelley in their late unsatisfactory contest for the championship of the Thames.

WILLIAMS DEFEATS ADSETTS.—The race between W. H. Adsetts and Ed Williams, 150 yards, for $400 a side, the latter receiving five yards start, took place on the 17th inst. at the Fair Grounds, Pottsville, Pa., and resulted in the victory of Williams. Adsetts gives as a reason for his defeat that "somebody hit him with a brick." Maybe so.

ANOTHER PED ARRIVED.—An English pedestrian named Jimmy Shaw arrived in this city a few days since.

CANINE.

CONTEST BETWEEN PORCINE AND CANINE CRITTERS.—Something novel in the way of sport was witnessed by a select coterie of Williamsburgh, L. I., rounders on the 15th inst., in the shape of a battle royal between the dog Bone, 40 lbs., belonging to C. S. Burr, and a porker which acknowledges as its proud master S. L. Comstock. At the commencement speculation was in favor of the "dorg," it being the impression that he of the curled caudle appendage would scamper when the barker attacked him. This proved a mistaken idea, however, for the pig seemed most anxious for the fray, keeping on the offensive throughout, and returning bite for bite, until he finally succeeded in breaking one of the canine's legs, when the latter was withdrawn, and "ham fat" declared the victor, after they had been gnawing each other for the space of sixteen minutes.

CANINE CONTROVERSY.—A match between Jack Brown's dog Ben and Jones' dog Boney, at 28lbs. weight, for $200 a side, came off at New Haven, Conn., recently. Betting was very black, Brown's dog being the favorite, 100 to 50 was freely offered with no takers. After fighting a few minutes, 100 to 25 was offered. The Springfield dog was game, but over matched, the favorite winning in one hour and twenty-three minutes.

AQUATICS.

PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL EIGHT-OARED RACE BETWEEN HARVARD AND OXFORD UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUBS

CORRESPONDENCE RELATIVE TO THE MATTER.

With a view to properly testing the advantages possessed by the different methods of rowing practiced in America and England, as well as the relative strength and prowess of the leading eight-oared amateur crews of the two countries, the Harvard College Boat Club in November last opened correspondence with the Oxford University Club, England, broaching informally the subject of a contest between the eights of the respective institutions. Aside from the excitement which such an encounter would assuredly give rise to on both sides of the Atlantic, the main question proposed to be decided thereby, and which has been so long mooted—especially since the hollow defeat sustained by our champion sculler at the hands of Harry Kelley—is one which deeply interests the aquatic public and all others who advocate the beneficial effects of athletic exercises, and therefore we herewith give publicity to the correspondence in reference to the matter which has passed between the clubs. Read it:—

CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A., Nov. 6, 1867.

DEAR SIR:—We desire to know whether an eight-oar crew, representing Harvard University, can row the Oxford University crew on the following conditions:—

1. On a straight course, free from obstructions of steamers, barges, &c.
2. We to row without a coxswain.
3. Any time between the 1st and middle of September, 1868.

As yet we are uncertain whether we can raise a crew, but would like to know if we can row a race at the time and in the manner above specified. As we would require four or five weeks' recreation after arriving in England, we would not be able to row before the 1st or middle of September. We wish this to be regarded merely as an informal proposition.

Yours, very truly, R. C. WATSON, (for the Harvard B. C.)
Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.

To F. WILLAN, Esq., President O. U. B. C., Exeter College, Oxford.

Please address the letter to R. C. Watson, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.

OXFORD, Dec. 2, 1867.

DEAR SIR.—In reply to your letter of November 6, I beg to inform you, on the part of the Oxford University Boat Club, that we shall be very happy to make a match with Harvard College, on terms similar to those on which we row our annual race with Cambridge, viz., to row in eight-oared boats, steered by a coxswain, without any other restrictions as to size of boat, etc., over a fair course of three miles or more, and clear as far as possible from any obstructions. We are willing to row at the time you wish, viz., during the first fortnight of September, 1868. This is, however, a very inconvenient time for us to get a crew, as it is near the end of our longest vacation; but we will do our best to get a crew worthy the occasion. If this will suit you, all further arrangements as to place, length of course, exact date, etc., can be settled by mutual agreement as soon as may be convenient. If this match can be arranged, and you would be willing to row on the Thames, I beg to inform you that a new law has just been passed in Parliament to place the river under the supreme control of the police on the occasion of a boat race, so that the contending boats may suffer no inconvenience from boats or steamers. Hoping that I shall soon hear from you again on the subject, and that some arrangement may be come to with regard to what would be such an interesting match, I remain, yours very truly,

F. WILLAN, Pres. O. U. B. C.

R. C. WATSON, H. B. C., Massachusetts, U. S. A.

(Copy of a memorandum sent at the same time.)

Harvard College, Massachusetts, U. S. A., and Oxford University, England.

If a match is made between the above named on conditions to be hereafter agreed on between them, such conditions to include some such as the following:—

I. That the match take place on some day between the 1st and the 18th of September, 1868.

II. That it be rowed over a fair course of not less than three miles without turning.

III. Each boat to carry eight rowers and a coxswain.

HARVARD COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 17, 1867.

DEAR SIR.—We have to-day received your letter dated December 2d, and we earnestly desire that a match may be arranged; but we cannot agree about carrying a coxswain—apparently the only cause why an agreement cannot be immediately entered on. We wish, however, to submit to you the following reasons in explanation:—Rowing in this country is a very new art, and is almost in its infancy compared with England. No eight-oared boat has ever been used by us, with or without a coxswain's seat. We have no student whom we can instruct properly in the duties of coxswain in so short a time. Your style and method of rowing differ from ours, and it is this we wish to test as well as strength. You believe the only proper manner of rowing is to carry a coxswain. We believe the contrary. However, as you consider it the proper and advantageous way to carry a coxswain, we are willing for you to carry one, allowing us to take the same or neglect it, and row under what you declare a disadvantage by all your laws and customs; moreover we wish to row on the American system versus the English. You either consider it an advantage to carry a coxswain or else a disadvantage; if an advantage, you ought to be willing to take that advantage over us, allowing us the choice. If, however, you consider it a disadvantage, why could you not obviate it by teaching the bow oarsman to steer the boat—a thing easily learned in a few weeks. If you would be willing to arrange a match on conditions similar to the following, no doubt we can agree and take immediate steps about it, viz:—

1. To row on a broad and perfectly straight course of three miles, entirely free of any kind of boats, barges, steamboats, &c.
2. Either party allowed the privilege of carrying or not carrying a coxswain.
3. The exact time and date to be agreed upon by the respective captains (of course between the 1st and 15th of September, 1868).

The above season is likewise very inconvenient and disagreeable to us, as it is at the close of the summer vacation, but at no other time could we go, since the faculty refuse permission to go in term time. You must, of course, be conscious of the many disadvantages we labor under, in crossing the water most especially, besides the expense it would involve to take twelve or more men and stay five or six weeks in England. Also it would be necessary to become acclimated. We do not feel justified in making so great sacrifices unless you are willing to allow us to row without a coxswain. If you consider our reasons carefully you will, I think, admit that they are just. Please be kind enough to answer us as soon as possible and acquaint us with your decision. We are very sorry to have to make this condition, but the crew cannot think it possible you should wish us to row under a disadvantage, *i. e.*, carrying a coxswain, a thing we have never been accustomed to do. Hoping we can agree on this point, and that a speedy agreement may be made, I am, sir, yours very truly, R. C. WATSON, H. B. C.

We prefer not to row on the Thames. Direct R. C. Watson, 10 Holyoke street, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.

WHITECHURCH Reading, Jan. 8, 1868.

DEAR SIR.—I am very sorry to have to write to you again without being able to say that the matter which is the subject of our correspondence is settled. The fact is that I find I cannot possibly give you a decided answer till I have consulted the committees of our boat club on the subject at our next captain's meeting, which will be held in about three weeks. I can only assure you that I will then use all my influence to bring things to a satisfactory settlement, and I have little doubt but that I shall be able to do so. I cannot agree with you entirely as to the conclusion you arrive at on the "coxswain question," for your argument, as I think you will see, is fallacious in an important particular. You assume that we consider it advantageous to carry a coxswain; but this is only true generally, and not in the particular case we have now to deal with. We certainly think that in ordinary rowing it is convenient and advantageous to be steered by a coxswain, especially considering that our rivers are narrow and winding, and so it happens that the same plan has been adopted in our races. But we are very far from thinking that on a straight course free from obstruction a crew who carried a coxswain (*i. e.* an extra weight of at least eight stone) would have an advantage over a crew who understood the art of steering themselves. On the contrary, we think that it would be an overwhelming handicap on the former. To this you have replied by anticipation that we might easily learn your system, but we cannot agree with you in thinking so; our style, our boat and our river are all opposed to it; and, besides, you cannot seriously think we would rashly match ourselves against any one in a contest of which we were utterly ignorant. Though you must admit it would be easier for you to learn our system than we yours, we do not, of course, ask you to do so. We most cordially acknowledge that you will have difficulties to encounter in coming so far to meet us, and your plucky offer to do so has excited our highest admiration; it may, however, be some consolation to you to know that we shall have great difficulty in getting a crew together in September, at a time when all the members of our club have been for two months widely scattered. I can only again repeat that I will do all in my power to settle matters satisfactorily, and hope you will not be much inconvenienced by the delay. Yours truly, F. WILLAN.

From the above it will be perceived that the only apparent impediment to the consummation of the important match under consideration is that of rowing with or without a coxswain. While we acknowledge the advantage in regard to weight possessed by a crew unencumbered with a coxswain, we cannot reconcile the objections urged upon this point by our trans-Atlantic cousins, with their oft reiterated arguments regarding its utility, which, coupled with the oft asserted vast superiority of their system of oarsmanship, ought, in our opinion, to counteract the effect of the extra weight imposed. However, one way or the other, this should not be permitted to stand in the way of perfecting so interesting a match, as there is abundant time to become thoroughly acquainted with the duties of the position, whichever way it may be arranged. We shall await impatiently future developments, hoping that they may prove favorable, and thus brighten the aquatic horizon of 1868.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

JIMMY HAMILL CHALLENGED BY HENRY COULTER

TO ROW FIVE MILES FOR $2,000 TO $4,000.

Determined to be first in the field, Henry Coulter, the rising young oarsman of Manchester, Pa., who defeated Bill Jackson and John Mekiel last season, has taken time by the forelock, and put in his claim for first chance with Hamill for the championship. By the terms of the subjoined challenge it will be seen that Coulter proposes to row on waters within one hundred miles of Pittsburgh, which stipulation will probably be the only impediment in the way of consummating the match, should any obstacle present itself, as Jimmy announced after his treatment in his race with Brown on the Monongahela that he would never row in that section again. However, we have little doubt that any difficulty upon this point will be readily overcome if business is meant upon both sides. We herewith present the challenge:—

WEST MANCHESTER, PA., Feb. 22d, '68.

EDITOR OF CLIPPER.—I will row James Hamill a five mile race for one or two thousand dollars aside in May next. The date to be agreed upon at the time of putting up the first deposit, and for the Championship of America. The race to come off at, or within one hundred miles of Pittsburgh. If Mr. Hamill wants to row, I hope he will accept this, as I don't want talk but work. If he accepts, I will meet him any time and place to put up a forfeit and sign articles. Yours truly, HENRY COULTER.

IONE YACHT CLUB ELECTION.—The following were elected officers of the Ione Yacht Club, at the regular meeting held on the 18th inst.:—C. F. Thompson, Commodore; William E. Winans, Vice-Commodore; J. A. Lucky, Rear Commodore; Owen Clifford, Secretary; P. Felix, Treasurer; N. A. Depew, Corresponding Secretary; J. Carroll, Measurer. At the close of the meeting, the members were agreeably surprised by a visit from their wives and friends, which ended in a supper, followed by dancing.

THE RING.

THE MATCH BETWEEN COLLYER AND EDWARDS.

SAM DRAWS UP AND SIGNS ARTICLES.

Seeing Billy Edwards' response to his challenge to fight any man in the States at 124 lbs., Sam Collyer called at our office during the week, and, in his customary business like fashion, drew up and attached his autograph to the subjoined articles of agreement. Sam is very desirous of making the match for a larger amount than $1,000 a side, but whether Billy can find backers who are willing to risk an increase upon him remains to be seen. We have no doubt that Edwards will find the stipulations satisfactory, but we would impress upon him the necessity of adding his sign manual as speedily as possible, in order that the match may be clinched. The public have long been desirous of seeing these men pitted against each other, and if the match under consideration is effected, it will assuredly be invested with wide-spread interest. Read the articles:—

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this 24th day of February, 1868, between Samuel Collyer and William Edwards. The said Samuel Collyer and the said William Edwards hereby agree to fight a fair stand up fight, according to the new rules of the prize ring, by which the said Samuel Collyer and the said William Edwards hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for the sum of one thousand dollars a side, open for more, and shall take place on the 24th day of August, 1868, in the State of Virginia, the man winning the toss to give the opposite party ten days notice of the place. The said Samuel Collyer and William Edwards to be confined to 124 pounds, and to weigh on the morning of the fight, the 24th day of August, 1868, between the hours of four and ten o'clock, when either man exceeding 124 lbs. shall forfeit the money deposited. The men shall be in the ring between the hours of six and ten o'clock, A. M., or the man absent to forfeit the battle money. The expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne mutually, share and share alike. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of one hundred dollars a side is now deposited in the hands of the Editor of the CLIPPER, who shall hold the same until a final stakeholder is chosen. The remaining deposits shall be made as follows:—The second, of one hundred and fifty dollars a side, on the first day of April, 1868, at the office of the New York CLIPPER; the succeeding deposits, of two hundred and fifty dollars a side each, to be made at the office of the New York CLIPPER on the first days of each month until the whole amount of the stakes is deposited. The toss for the choice of ground to take place at the time of putting up the last deposit. The said deposits must be put up not latter than four o'clock on the days aforesaid, and either party failing to make good the amounts due at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down. The referee to be chosen on the ground. In case of magisterial interference the referee, if appointed, or the stakeholder if not, shall name the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day or in the same week, and either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official to lose the battle money. The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent, until fairly won or lost by a fight, and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place for giving the money up.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names.

Witness: M. HENRY. SAM COLLYER.
ED. JAMES.

O'BALDWIN DECLARES HIS INTENTIONS.

HE WILL FIGHT ELLIOTT OR ANY OTHER MAN.

A DEPOSIT TO MAKE THE DEFI GOOD.

In order to set the public right in regard to his position, and settle once for all the question of what he is willing to do, Ed O'Baldwin sends us the following challenge, from which it will be seen that he is ready to back up the heretofore unauthorized pronunciamento, according to the terms of which, excepting the time, Jimmy Elliott professed to be desirous of getting on. O'Baldwin neglects to mention time, but we presume he will have no objection to extend the time to four months instead of two. If Jimmy is willing to make the match, let him cover the amount now in our hands, and thus lay the foundation for the meeting without further ado. Read the challenge:—

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Sir*—I wish to state that I am willing to make good the challenges which have appeared in the CLIPPER over my signature or by my authority, as likewise the offer, verbally made, to fight Jimmy Elliott and stake $5,000 against his $2,500. If anybody wants to meet me according to the terms I propose, they can be accommodated by covering the amount deposited at your office. I will pay no attention to challenges to me upon different conditions. Enclosed find $100 to add to the same amount already in your hands.

Yours, &c., ED. O'BALDWIN.

HICKEN AND BLACKEY FAIL TO AGREE.

Shortly before the time appointed on Thursday, 20th instant, Abe Hicken called at the CLIPPER office, in company with Geo. Cheer. He didn't seem inclined to await the arrival of Johnny Blackey, who is the Unknown alluded to in the acceptance of Hicken's challenge last week, but left after stating that he could not meet Blackey in six weeks, as by a letter received the day prior he learned that he had been matched against Tom Lane for £100 a side, to fight early in June, which would necessitate his leaving for England on the 7th prox; he was ready, however, to fight Blackey at catch-weight, or for a purse, on the 4th proximo. We mentioned this to Blackey, who was naturally very indignant at the course pursued by Hicken in refusing to back up his challenge, and scouted the idea of fighting at catch-weight, which would, he argued with a great deal of reason, place him at a great disadvantage in regard to weight—an advantage which he did not feel justified in giving a man who has had much more experience than him, and gained a brilliant reputation by his performances in the British prize ring. The parties met in person at the "Gem" on the evening of the 21st inst, but the issue was the same. The affair has been the main topic of discussion throughout sporting circles during the the week, Blackey being generally considered to have the best of the argument. Whether Hicken *did* receive such a letter we cannot positively say, but presuming that he did, does it not strike the reader as very probable in case Hicken does really want to meet Blackey, that he would make an effort to have the match postponed? This, we imagine, would be no difficult matter, and it is certainly the only proper thing for Abe to do, after issuing a challenge to any man in America. Blackey leaves his $50 to fight Hicken in six weeks time, at from 122 to 128 lbs, according to the latter's own *defi*, in hopes that he may yet induce Abe to meet him. Thus the matter now stands.

THE AARON SHEPPARD MATCH.—In exactly one month from the date of the present issue of the CLIPPER, Patsy Sheppard and Barney Aaron, should nothing occur in the interim to prevent, will stand up in the orthodox circle to try each other's nerve science and stamina in a struggle for the fistic mastery and the right to a cool five thousand in the paper of the republic. Nothing fresh has transpired in reference to the match in any way. Both men remain at their old quarters, actively preparing for the important "settlement," which each, while in no wise under-rating the powers of his opponent, nor flattering themselves that they have an easy job in hand, betrays a commendable confidence in his ability to pull it off, which, in itself, is a stepping stone to victory. Patsy has secured 600 Broadway for the night of Wednesday, March 4th, when he will make his first public appearance since he commenced work, and as the receipts will go toward defraying incidental expenses, the boys should see to it that the hall is filled on the occasion. He will probably follow with another in Brooklyn, and shortly after wend his way "Westward ho." Barney has been unsuccessful in his endeavors to obtain the Old Bowery for the purpose of holding an exhibition prior to his departure for the West, as well as other commodious halls, and will probably be reduced to the alternative of accepting the Broadway Opera House, or leave without taking a benefit at all, more's the pity.

O'BALDWIN'S TOUR.—The Irish Giant had a crowded house at his benefit, given in Philadelphia, at Cooke's Circus, on the night of the 20th inst. The usual local talent assisted, in addition to prominent boxers from other cities, the wind-up being given by O'Baldwin and Welsh. Altogether the entertainment was perfectly satisfactory, and netted a snug sum for the man of Lismore. O'Baldwin was to leave for Pittsburgh on the 25th, and purposes giving an exhibition there during the current week, and from thence the route will be to Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, etc. Wm. Watts, formerly one of the vocal *corps* at the House of Commons, goes with him as agent.

TALK OF A MATCH BETWEEN KELLY AND REARDON.—At last there seems a prospect of a match between some of our pugilistic visitors from Britain as we understand that a movement is on foot in the Quaker City, among a number of well known sporting men, with Andy Sheehan at their head, the object whereof is to match Tom Kelly against Patsy Reardon. Andy heads the contribution with three centuries, and there is every probability of the movement being successful.

THE COBURN-MCCOOLE MATCH.—By a telegram received from Mike McCoole just before going to press, we learn that the two thousand dollars due from him on Monday next, March 2d, to make good his portion of the second deposit in his important match with Coburn, is now on its way to this office. This news will be very gratifying to the sporting public, and enhance interest in the affair. Coburn's two thousand will doubtless be forthcoming in due season.

ABE HICKEN AGAIN.—This light-weight boxer, who intends returning to the mother country shortly, will give another boxing show at 600 Broadway, on Monday evening, March 2d. The wind-up is announced to be between the *beneficiaire* and Ed Lowery, of Brooklyn. Abe has made a pretty good thing out of his exhibitions through the country, and will doubtless take a snug sum home with like others before him.

HOMEWARD BOUND.—Jack Hicks took his departure for England in the steamship City of Baltimore, on Saturday, 22d ult. Hicks did exceedingly well while he remained among us, making a stack of greenbacks, and, like Peter Morris, salting a goodly portion of the same for use upon t'other side the big fish pond. Who'll be the next departure?

RACE BOLSTER IN THE OLD DOMINION.—This young fellow was up for a benefit at Millward's Varieties, Norfolk, Va., on Wednesday, 26th inst., Messrs. Millward and Look having kindly tendered him the use of the hall "free gratis for nothing." In addition to the sparrers, the entire company were to appear in olio entertainment. The proprietors of this establishment appear to look with favor upon the boxing division, as it isn't the first time they've given up their hall freely for the benefit of those who have strayed that way.

HOME AGAIN.—Darby Kelly, who defeated Denny Brady in a room fight, in this city, and W. White, near Savannah, Ga., returned to his old stamping ground in the Fourth Ward a few days since, after a lengthy sojourn in the reconstructed district. He looks much improved by his trip, and there's a strong probability of his having "something upon his hands" ere long.

MATCH IN THE WEST.—We are informed that a match has been made between Will Reese and Tom Morris, to fight on the 15th proximo, near Hubbard, O., for a purse of $500. The parties are now undergoing the work of preparation, W. Adams having charge of Reese, and George White looking after t'other man.

A VALUABLE PRESENT.—As an evidence of the popularity enjoyed by Ed. Price among the intellectual nabobs of the Capitol we ment on the fact that Secretary Seward lately presented him with a library of law books valued at $2,000. We congratulate the linguist upon his advancement and flattering prospects.

NOT A WIND-FALL AFTER ALL.—We were misinformed in regard to that soft billet which Dooney Harris was stated to have lately obtained in the secret service department. He has not yet been "promoted."

MIKE MCCOOLE, Mike Trainor and Johnny Ryan appeared on the stage of Ben DeBar's Theatre, St. Louis, lately, on the occasion of a benefit for the treasurer.

BILLY EDWARDS IN PHILADELPHIA.—This sterling boxer, who is now as good as matched with Sam Collyer, is up for a benefit in Philadelphia on the 12th proximo.

CHANGE OF TIME.—In consequence of the proprietors of the Opera House, 600 Broadway, having refused to let the premises for sparring exhibitions after the present month, Dooney Harris was compelled to alter the fixture for his boxing show to Friday next, 28th inst. This is Dooney's first appearance in years, and the boys should give him a bumping benefit. Billy Edwards may be expected to wind up with the *beneficiaire*. It appears the proprietor of the Hall has been "playing roots" on the wily Dooney, however, as the Hall has been secured by other parties for nights in March. "There's tricks in all trades but ours."

A WORTHY OBJECT.—The friends and admirers of the fistically-accomplished Dan Kerrigan, who, for some time past, has been very ill, mustn't forget that he is to be the recipient of a testimonial at the Shakespeare Rooms, corner of Duane and William streets, on Tuesday evening, 25th inst., when those whom he has in days past assisted by his abilities and should lend a helping hand, one and all, as far as possible, and the public cheerfully contribute their mite for the benefit of a deserving man, who is now in urgent need of their assistance. A number of the boxing magnates of the metrop and vicinity have volunteered, and Coburn and Elliott are down for the wind-up.

ILLNESS OF A POPULAR SPORTING MAN.—By a letter received by Chris. Hogan from Galveston, Texas, we regret to learn that Johnny Franklin, whose name is familiar to every sporting man from Maine to California, is lying very low with that insidious disease, consumption. Franklin's last prominent appearance before the public was in connection with the match between McCoole and Jones, he backing Aaron. Of late years he has not been very fortunate in speculations in which he has been engaged.

UNDER THE WEATHER.—Johnny Grady, than whom a better bit of stuff never put on spiked shoes, as was evidenced by his game battles with McMullen and Billy Kelly, has for some time past been engaged in a severe tussle with Mr. Sickness, whom he finds harder to conquer than any of his previous opponents; but with his usual grit he bears the infliction without murmuring, and we hope he may soon be able to masticate his rations again with as much relish as when steaming through the Sound.

MILLING IN JERSEY.—A couple of novices named Bill Dalton, *alias* Butcher Bill, and Jim Casey, are said to have eluded the vigilance of the Bergen county, N. J., authorities on the 20th inst. and indulged in an exchange of fistic compliments for a small stake, Dalton, who was the most severely punished of the two, winning in twenty-three rounds, lasting thirty-three minutes. All was conducted quietly.

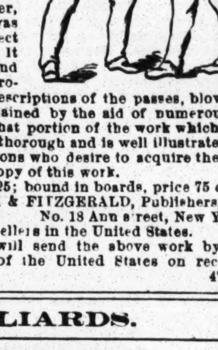
PETE DALY TO MARCELLUS BAKER.—The Portland, Me., boxer, Pete Daly, writes us to the effect that if Baker means business and will forward a deposit to this office to prove it, he can be accommodated by an Unknown, within six weeks from date of signing articles. Let Marcellus pay heed to this or keep mum hereafter.

THE GLOVES IN MISSOURI.—A sparring school has been opened in Pacific City, Mo., by Messrs. Dolan and Mangan, and they're doing right well.

THE RECONCILED IN PORKOPOLIS.—Bill Ryall and Tom Allen were among the attractions at the Palace Varieties, Cincinnati, Ohio, last week.

A REPORT of Tom McAlpine's exhibition is crowded out of this issue. It will appear in our next.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Wm. Clarke, Jimmy Elliott, Ed. O'Baldwin (3), James McKay and John Biglin.



The Science of Self-DEFENCE, a Treatise on Sparring and Wrestling, including complete instructions in Training and Physical Development; also several remarks upon, and a course prescribed for the reduction of corpulency, by EDMUND E. PRICE. Illustrated with explanatory engravings. This book was written by NED PRICE, the celebrated boxer, and is the best work that was ever written upon the subject of Sparring and Wrestling. It contains all the tricks and stratagems resorted to by professional boxers, and the descriptions of the passes, blows and parries are all clearly explained by the aid of numerous diagrams and engravings. That portion of the work which treats of wrestling is particularly thorough and is well illustrated with engravings. All those persons who desire to acquire the art of Self-Defence should get a copy of this work.

Bound in cloth, price $1.25; bound in boards, price 75 cents.

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers,
No. 18 Ann street, New York.

Also for sale by all Booksellers in the United States.

DICK & FITZGERALD will send the above work by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States on receipt of the price. 47-3m

BILLIARDS.

To Managers of Billiard Saloons.

F. C. H. LYMAN, No. 84 Louisiana avenue, Washington, D. C., who understands the care of all Billiard machinery, can play a good game, and can give the best of testimonials as to capability and character, wishes a situation in a Billiard Saloon, at a moderate salary, and will go to any part of the Union. Address as above. 47-1t*

Billiards.--For Sale.

THE FINEST BILLIARD SALOON ON BROADWAY,
with over four years' lease. Apply at
47-1t* VON CHOME'S, 72 Beaver st.

THE PUSH SHOT.—We are in hopes that the stroke known as the push, and which has of late years been made so serviceable by professional players, will now be repudiated by them as foul—at least, in their public games. As played by amateurs, says the *Billiard Cue*, "it is of little account, and may as well be practised as not; but in the hands of professionals it is a powerful weapon, without which runs of one hundred and upwards would be rarities, and without which no player, who by superior play around the table had acquired a commanding lead, could possibly be beaten. As it is, we have seen players win who were four or five hundred points behind when their opponents had but about one hundred to make. A couple of runs made close together, and almost wholly through the medium of the push shot, turned the tables at a time when, in the judgment of everybody, it was dollars to cents that the leading player would be successful. With the push shot permitted, a game between expert professional players is almost as much dependent upon a fortuitous turn of a ball as upon skill. The question to be answered now a days is not which is the superior player, but which will win? It would be better in match games, we think, to trust less to 'luck,' and more to skillful play. Before players can do this, however, the push shot will have to be abandoned."

HEWINS AND SIMONDS MATCH.—All the money for this match is now up, Simonds having deposited his remaining $300 on Thursday, 20th inst., and Hewins a similar sum on the 22d. The match is for $500 a side, at the regular American game played with 2⅜th balls on a second size Standard American table, Simonds agreeing to give Hewins the odds of 500 points in 1,500. The contest, which in all likelihood will attract many players from this city, together with all the prominent billiardists in Connecticut, is to take place at Music Hall, New Haven, on the night of March 4th. It will be well worth witnessing, and the indications are that a large amount of money will be invested. The prevalent idea is that Hewins has a shade the best of the match, and by judicious play can win it.

A LIVELY GAME.—At Marin's Room, on the 21st inst., Melvin Foster essayed the difficult task of discounting William Wicks in a game of 1,000 points, push shot allowed, jawing barred. Incredible as it will appear to those familiar with Wicks' abilities as a player, Foster won in the easiest of styles. Wicks was unable to make more than 58 points, the game lasting only about three-quarters of an hour. At the start, Foster ran 99. This he followed up with 563, and with a run of 313 he closed the game, his total being 1,064, after deducting the points taken off his "string" by Wicks.

OPENING OF A GRAND ROOM IN PHILADELPHIA.—On the 18th inst., the mammoth room of the American Hotel, on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, was thrown open to the public. By way of inaugurating the establishment, Michael Phelan and R. T. Ryall played a couple of short games. The first was 200 points up, four ball game, pushing shots barred, and Phelan won it. The second, a French game of 16 points, was won by Ryall. About five thousand persons visited the room during the night. It is one of the largest in the country, and it is doubtful if any has a finer appearance. It is thirty feet in width by 210 in length, running from Chestnut street to Minor. There are about fifty windows on the sides and ends, and the ventilation, as well as the light, is therefore excellent. The walls and ceiling are handsomely frescoed, the floor is covered with a costly carpet and there are sixteen of Phelan's improved tables.

GAMES ON HAND.—Joseph Dion reached here from Montreal on the 22d inst. He is in first-rate health, and never looked better. It is his intention to remain here for a few days. On the night of the 25th, he will play a friendly game with Melvin Foster, at Marin's room; and on the night following he will play with Phelan at the rooms of the brothers Deane, Montague Hall, Brooklyn. It is arranged that Foster and Phelan shall play together on the night of the 27th, in the private room connected with Captain Boyle's establishment, on Broadway and Barclay street.

WICKS' ROOM.—The billiard room now being fitted up with fifteen Standard American tables at Washington Hall, Brooklyn, will be opened on the 2d prox. Should Joseph Dion, who came on here to order an equal number of the same tables for his new room in Montreal, not return home before the opening of Wicks & Samuell's room, he will in all probability play there, either with Foster or Phelan.

NO MATCH.—It is not likely that a match will result from Chris. O'Connor's proposition to back Foster against Dion in a game for $500 or $1,000, to be played at the Academy of Music in this city, the proceeds to be given to the White family. Mr. Dion has played but very little since he last encountered McDevitt, and is, therefore, out of practice. We understand, moreover, that he is unwilling to enter into any match, except for the championship, upon which less than $5,000 a side are staked.

EXHIBITION GAMES.—While in Philadelphia last week, Michael Phelan played four games with R. T. Ryall, at Schrack's Room, on Chestnut street, and two at the Union League Club's house. All were played without the push shot, five being won by Phelan and the other by Ryall. They also played two games at the rooms of the Union Club, each winning one.

FOSTER WILL GIVE ODDS TO ANYBODY.—With the view of affording Melvin Foster proper practice for his forthcoming bout with John McDevitt, we are authorized to announce that he can be backed for "small bills," say $50, to give any player residing in this city the odds of 500 in 1,500, at the same game he is to play for the championship.

HEAVY BILLIARDS.—James McDevitt, formerly of Binghamton, N. Y., but now assistant in O. H. Budd's Billiard Hall, Scranton, Pa., while grand discounting a player recently, made the exceedingly large run of 1,178 points, caroms, also 504 and 476. So says O. B. Foster.

NELMS AGAIN IN BUSINESS.—Edmund H. Nelms opened a room with four tables at the corner of 17th and Market streets, Philadelphia, on the night of the 18th inst. The nobilities present were Victor Estephe and James Palmer.

MATCH FOR $100 AND A CUE.—A championship game is announced to be played on the night of the 27th, at the Enterprise Hotel, Staten Island, between Albion Noble and Mortimer Denyse.

NEW ROOM IN CHICAGO.—Simon Forhan, a professional player of note, opened a room with five tables on the 17th inst., in Chicago.

MATCH FOR $200 A SIDE IN ROCHESTER.—Eugene Kimball and Thomas Whalen are to play the four-ball game, 1,000 points up, for $200 a side, in Rochester, on the 4th prox.

BILLIARD SALOON PROPRIETORS now have an opportunity to secure the services of a competent man by addressing F. C. H. Lyman as per advertisement.

SKATING.

To Al. Howard.

In this paper of February 22d I find that you have an objection to skate for money, but will

SKATE FOR A MEDAL,

the value to be fifty dollars, to be borne by the loser. To give you an opportunity to win it I insist that there should be deposited in the hands of

MESSRS WEED & DECKER,
FIFTY DOLLARS APIECE,

so that there can be no crawling out on the part of either party in paying for it.

Fifty dollars to be expended by them for the medal—the medal and the remaining fifty dollars to be given to the winner.

Until I am notified that you have deposited your money in their hands, as my money is ready to cover it, this is the last notice that I will take of any challenges that may be sent me.

P. JOHNSON, JR.

February 24th, 1868. 47-1*

THE OHIO CHAMPIONSHIP.

A few days subsequent to the decision of the contest for the champion gold medal of Ohio, which took place at the Queen City Rink, Cincinnati, O., and was won by W. H. Roberts, of Xenia, O., one of the contestants, C. C. Alley, published a challenge in the local press to the winner, who sends us the subjoined response and counter challenge:—

STEUBENVILLE, Ohio, February 21st.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER—*Dear Sir.*—Enclosed please find a challenge, clipped from the *Cincinnati Commercial* of February 17th. Mr. Alley knew on February 15th that I was to be in this place on business, which I could not neglect or put off all this week. He nevertheless publishes a challenge to skate me between the 17th and 21st of February. Now, by the rules of the American Skating Congress, the champion has two weeks notice, no matter whether he be champion of America or Ohio, or any county or town. The rules under which we skated at first will govern in future. I called Mr. Alley's attention to the rules published in the CLIPPER of this week. I will skate Mr. C. C. Alley for the championship of Ohio, on Saturday, February 29th, at the Queen City Rink; and if there is not ice, or anything else prevents, it shall take place within 10 days after the rink opens next season. Yours truly, W. H. ROBERTS.

CARNIVALISTIC SPORT IN THE QUAKER CITY.—The special attraction prepared for the edification and amusement of the patrons of Harrison Park, Philadelphia, on Friday, 14th inst., was a grand fancy dress carnival and masquerade, which was pronounced one of the most successful and brilliant affairs of the kind which ever took place in that city. The park was crowded by gay masqueraders and delighted spectators—at least five hundred persons being on the ice in costume, one-third of whom were ladies. The rapid and graceful movements and interminglings of the gay throng; the variety and contrast of dress and colors; the brilliant hues of variegated fires surrounding the pond; the frequent screeching and fizzing of rockets; the gleam of skates as they skim over the congealed surface; the merry laughter, filling the air with ringing, solid music; the dulcet strains of brass instruments mingling with all, and falling upon the ear with harmonious cadence—to gaze on this ever-changing kaleidoscope was to lose yourself in a dream of poetic mystery, and find it difficult to assure your enchanted senses that you were gazing upon a simple reality, and not upon a mythical display, gotten up by some potential necromancer for your special delight and bewilderment. The masks represented a great variety of characters. Jack Falstaff, discarding Mistress Ford and Page, was flirting and "rolling" with a sedate Quakeress; Hamlet, the melancholy Dane, was on a "twist" with Punch and Judy; Cardinal Richelieu indulged in geometrical flourishes with Waddilove, the fat boy; Brother Jonathan was in the embrace of the "American citizen of African descent;" Martha Washington was actively curvetting with Paul Pry. There were rollicking sailors and dashing Zouaves; smiling courtiers and honest peasants; bold Highlanders and quiet shepherds; paint-besmeared Indians and turbaned Turks. Some of the costumes were decidedly original and grotesque, and many of the characters represented were creditably acted. Those who witnessed this interesting and amusing panorama will not soon forget the grave and gay, lively and serene masks and faces of the first carnival at Harrison Park.

DESTROYED BY FIRE.—Several buildings connected with the Eastwick Skating Park, near Gray's Ferry, Philadelphia, were destroyed by fire on Wednesday night, Feb. 19th, originating in the bar-room. The portion consumed comprised shedding, bar-room store rooms, cloak room and gentlemen's waiting room. The loss is estimated at $2,000, covered by insurance.

THE "SKATORIAL QUEEN," Carrie A. Moore, appeared at Malone, Feb. 19th; Ogdensburgh, Feb. 20th; Belleville, the 22d. It is reported she fairly astonished the natives with her wonderful performance on the steel. Her "Skatorial Queen Waltz," which she executes on the toes of her skates for at least twenty minutes, performing rocking steps and other difficult feats, shows great strength of muscle, and is done in a very graceful manner. Her tambourine dance is always greeted with rounds of applause; also her Zouave drill, which could not be improved if she were the son of a gun or the daughter of a regiment. She proceeds through Canada West.

BALL PLAY.

Base Ball Emporium,

404 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
Where will be found a large and varied assortment of
BASE BALL IMPLEMENTS, &c.

I am prepared to furnish Players, Clubs and Dealers at the lowest prices. Balls of the most celebrated makers, viz: Ross and Van Horn. The "Athletic," a new and lively Ball, made with continuous seams; also, all other make of Balls.

BATS of the different kinds of wood, made expressly for my trade; Wrapped Handle, Polished and Spring Bats; Bases, Flags, new Improved Score Books and Cards; Caps, Shirts, Pants, Belts, Shoes, Spikes &c.

INDIAN CLUBS, PARLOR AND FIELD CROQUET.

Sole agent for the Ross and Van Horn Balls for Pennsylvania.
Send for Catalogue. [47 6m] A. J. REACH.

THE SOUTHERN TRIP OF THE ATLANTICS.—The Southern trip of the Atlantics still hangs fire. The unusual cold weather that has been experienced in New Orleans and other cities has kept them back, more than likely, and if they go at all, they will not leave till March. We continue to receive invitations and encouraging remarks about the proposed trip in our business correspondence. The following is the latest, under date of Macon:—"I am glad to see by your paper that the Atlantics will surely start. We are anxious to have them here, and will try and do the O. K. thing; but fear we will not be able to instruct them. We have good grounds and two clubs.

Respectfully, S. E. THEWS, Olympic B. B. Club."

THE BALL SEASON seems to be perpetual, for during the winter we have one kind of balls and in summer another. For the latter Messrs. Peck and Snyder are preparing and replenishing their stock of ammunition, their bounding rock balls being regular rippers and well made. We shouldn't like to play s. s. and catch one on the fly.

THE "FOREST CITY" BASE BALL CLUB, of Rockford, Ill., are reorganizing for the coming campaign with the strongest nine they ever played, we are informed. This is the only club that beat the Nationals during their Western tour, we believe.

BASE BALLS.—Preparation is already being made for the base ball season, E. J. Housman being one of the first in the field with the necessary material for the campaign, including his regular balls, which are very well made and evidently up to the required standard.

THE BASE BALL CLUBS are now making preparations for the forthcoming campaign, and are laying in their weapons of offence and defence, in the shape of balls, bats, etc. Those who do not wish to be over-reached in the bill of costs should address A. J. Reach as per advertisement.

CAPTAIN JOHN TRAVIS.—This pistol shot extraordinary is at present sojourning in Youngstown, O., teaching the art of trigger pulling. He is on a Western campaign and intends visiting all the principal cities, giving instruction to ladies and gentlemen in the principles of pistol shooting.

A CURLING MATCH was to have been played at Picton, N. S., on the 15th inst., between the curlers of that city and the Haligonians.

TROTTING ON THE ICE.—A series of interesting trots were to have taken place on the Basin near Four Mile House, Halifax, N. S., on the 20th inst.

AMUSEMENTS.

NATIONAL HALL, HARLEM.

4TH ANENUE AND 129TH STREET, N. Y.

The proprietor of this popular Hall, pronounced one of the finest for its purpose in the country, has the pleasure to announce to his friends that in acknowledgement of the liberal patronage bestowed upon him he has reduced his tariff of prices in such a measure as cannot fail to confirm the support of the public. Henceforward the rent of the hall per night will be as follows:—

CONCERTS AND LECTURES, $25.
BALLS AND SOIREES, TERMINATING AT 1 A. M., $30.
SAME FOR ENTIRE NIGHT, $50.

Arrangements for SUPPERS and REFRESHMENTS of all kinds can be made on the most reasonable terms with the lessee of that department, Mr. Townsend, at the RESTAURANT AND CONFECTIONARY UNDERNEATH THE HALL. Those desirous of renting the Hall for the above named or kindred objects will apply personally upon the premises to the agent,

WM. WATERBURY,

or by letter to the proprietor,

WM. F. MORGAN,
62 East 129th street, Harlem,
47-1t* or 329 West street, New York City.

SONGS AND DANCES. Send for List.
47-1t* CHAS. H. DAY, New Haven, Conn.

JONES' HALL, Fairberg, Ill.

This new and commodious building is now completed, with new Stage Scenery and elevated seats, and can be rented to responsible managers by the night or week at reasonable rates. For terms address L. B. NORTH, Agent.

Ladies and gentlemen of ability wishing engagements will do well to address J. T. JONES,
47-4t* Proprietor and Manager.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE GENUINE DANCING CLOGS are to be got where all the Star Clog Dancers get them, at W. ROBERTS & SONS' Clog Manufactory, 98 Ninth avenue, New York. Established in 1841. Expressed to all parts on receipt of measure of the foot and price. Send stamp for circular or answers. Prices from $4 to $7, according to style. Tights, Breeches, Sashes and Belts sent as above, CHEAP. 46-3m*

SHERRY'S NEW YORK THEATRE.

MUSICIAN WANTED

To play 2d E Flat Cornet in Band and 2d Violin in Orchestra, to commence immmediately.

MUST BE TEMPERATE.

Address, J. F. SHERRY,
46-2t* Erie, Pa.

WEISIGER HALL, Louisville, Ky.

This new and magnificent Hall, the finest in the Western country, may be rented on moderate terms for first class entertainments, by the day or week. For particulars concerning terms, &c., address,
46-3m* MANAGER WEISIGER HALL, Louisville, Ky.

BENSLY BROTHERS,

THE CHAMPION TRAPEZE
AND
HORIZONTAL BAR PERFORMERS AND
GREAT DOUBLE GIANT SWING,

can be engaged by addressing JAMES BENSLY,
46 2t* Canifton, Canada West.

M. B. LEAVITT,

CLOWN AND COMIC VOCALIST,

can be engaged for the coming tenting season. Address Boston Massachusetts. 46-2t*

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY

TOURAINE BROTHERS,

Acrobats and Gymnasts, can be engaged for the coming season.
Address CHAS. TOURAINE,
46-2t* 111 Ewen st., Brooklyn, E. D.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

WATERLOO, NEW YORK.

Splendid New Hall, just completed. Scenery, Gas, etc. Seats 1,000 people. Town and surrounding population 10,000. Good town for first class entertainments. Terms easy. 47-

SPHYNX TABLE For Sale. New, made of the best French Plate Glass, with case to pack in. Price $30.
47-2t* Address BOX 464, Kalamazoo, Mich.

"ARNOTT'S MIRROR OF THE WORLD," a fine series of views on canvas, one year old. All ready to set up. Price only $150. Address BOX 464, Kalamazoo, Mich. 47-2t*

MISS KATE FISHER,

All communications addressed to her agent,
47- C. T. PARSLOE, 566 Broadway, N. Y.

MR. P. H. SEAMON,

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THE FAKIR'S WARNING.

BY BLUFFKINS.

[NOTE.—The following beautiful poem was written by Mr. Bluffkins, while traveling through the "Oil Regions," during the financial crisis of 1866, in Venango Co., Pa. The author had, from a love of adventure, connected himself with a roving band of the "Disciples of Thespius," and not having been very successful in a pecuniary view (owing to a lack of patronage), has been prompted to give us this brilliant effusion, while placed, no doubt, in an embarrassing position.—ED.]

Engraved on my heart were the last words she spoke,
They were uttered in rage by a large female moke;
And her sweet toned voice said, 'Look hy'ar, Mr. Billin's,
Just pay for your washin', you owe me six shillin's."

Oh, I ne'er can forget her face, black and bright,
As she entered my room on that cold, wintry night;
And demanded the money for washing then due,
And I'd nothing to give her but my "I. O. U."

A few words I'd say to explain my position:
A "fakir" was I, in a "hard up" condition;
Our "biz" had been bad, for my readers must know
I was "First Heavy Man" in a "traveling show."

The "main guy" had taken my "pie boxes" too,
For the "peck" I had eaten; what now could I do?
Oh! imagine my feelings, my sorrow and rage,
When I thought of the girls I had "mashed" from the stage.

Their bright, smiling faces before me now rose,
I could "mash" them no more, for they'd taken my clothes;
Not only the togs that I donned every night,
But coats, pants, and vests, and my overcoat light.

My boots they were soleless, my hat it was "played,"
It had been new once, on the day that 'twas made;
My poor heart was broken, my feelings were hurt
When asked for the money for washing my shirt.

While thus contemplating my sorrows and woes,
An angel of brightness before me arose,
And with voice of sweet sound, which still rings in my ear,
Said, "Arise, Cully Nibbs, never yield to despair;

"When the main guy is napping and doused is the glim,
Then quickly prepare you to sherry from him.
Your wardrobe is gobbled, you can't raise the dibbs;
So undamp the jigger and sherry your nibbs."

The bright vision vanished, I rose from my chair,
And then for my journey did quickly prepare—
For time then was precious—and ere break of day
With the grey streaks of morn I was far on my way.

And now, jolly "fakirs," wherever you go,
Avoid if you can a "queer traveling show,"
For when "biz" is shakey, and you don't get your "dibbs,"
The "main guy" compels you to "sherry your nibbs."

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S BRIDAL.

THE days of King George the Third were the times for gallant robbers, whose fine clothes, high bearing, reckless hardihood, and (frequently) good birth, took away from the superficial observer much of the darkness of crime actually surrounding their deeds and lives. You were divested of your rings and purses, often with a demeanor so polished, that really it rather resembled paying a toll to good manners than submitting to a highway robbery; a robbery it is true, yet still it was more soothing to the feelings at the time than being knocked down with the butt-end of a pistol, or bullied as well as plundered.

One highwayman, in particular, was notorious enough in his brief day for most of the qualities I have described, as sometimes attributes of these knights of the road. He was well connected, too, his uncle being a clergyman in a high Church appointment. His person was elegant, his manners courtly, and he was rash in an extraordinary degree. Mingling freely in fashionable society in his real name, his deeds of robbery were the talk of the town under his assumed one. His proper designation was Richard Mowbray—that belonging to the road, his sole source of revenue, was Captain De Montmorency—a patronymic high-sounding enough. I do not mean, however, to infer that any suspected the man of fashion and the highwayman to be one and the same person; that was never known till the event which I am going to relate took place.

Richard Mowbray had spent his own small patrimony, years before the period at which this narrative commences, in the pleasures of the town; it had melted in ridottos, playhouses, faro, horseflesh, and hazard; he had exhausted the kindness and forbearance of his relations, from whom he had borrowed and begged, till borrowing or begging became impracticable. He had known most extremes of life; and, moreover, when debts and poverty stared him grimly in the face, he knew not one useful art by which he could support existence, or pay dividends to his creditors. What was to be done? He eluded a jail as long as he could; and one eventful night riding on horseback, and meditating gloomily on his evil fortunes, he met—covered by the darkness from all discovery—a traveler well mounted—plethoric—laden with money-bags—and bearing likewise the burden of excessive fear. It was a sudden thought—acted upon as suddenly. Resistance was not dreamed of. Mowbray made off with his booty, enough to repair his exhausted finances and to pay his most pressing creditors. It was literally robbing Peter to pay Paul.

And so, by night, under shelter of its darkness, did the ruined gentleman become the highwayman. People who knew his circumstances whispered their surprise when it became known that Richard Mowbray had paid his debts, and that he himself made more than his customary appearance. Now his fine person was ever clad in the newest braveries of the day, and in his double character many a conquest did he make; for he disburthened ladies of their jewels and purses with so fine a manner, that the defrauded fair ones forgot their losses in admiration of the charming despoiler; and Richard, in both his phases, drank deep draughts of pleasure till he drained the Circean cup to its veriest dregs.

Just as even pleasure became wearisome, when festive and high-bred delights palled on his sated passions and the lower extremes of licentiousness and hard drinking, ruffling and fighting, diversified by the keen excitement and threats of danger, which distinguished his predatory existence, began to satiate, a new light broke on the feverish atmosphere of his life. He loved. Yes! Richard Mowbray, the ruined patrician—De Montmorency, the gallant highwayman, who had hitherto resisted every good or evil influence which Love, pure or earth-stained, offers to his votaries—succumbed to the simple charms of a young, unlearned, unambitious girl.

Flavia Harcourt had just attained her sixteenth year—had never been to a boarding-school, and loved nothing so much—even her birds and pet-rabbits—as her dear old father, an honest country gentleman, and a worthy magistrate. Flavia had never been even to London; far Mr. Harcourt resided at Aveling, a retired village, about twenty miles from the metropolis. Barring fox-hunting and hard drinking, the old gentleman, on his side, took pleasure only in the pretty, gentle girl, who, from the hour of her birth, which event terminated her mother's existence, had made her his constant playmate and companion.

It must have been her very childishness and purity that attracted the desperate robber—the hardened libertine, now about to commit his worst and most inexcusable crime. He had accidentally met Mr. Harcourt at a county hunt—had, with others of his companions, been invited by that honest gentleman to a rustic fete, in honor of little Flavia's natal day—a day, he was wont to observe, to him, remarkable for commemorating his greatest misfortune and his intensest happiness; and then and there the highwayman vowed to win and wear that pure bud of innocent freshness and rare fragrance, or to perish in the attempt.

He haunted Aveling Grange till the chaste young heart, the old father's beloved darling, surrendered itself into the highwayman's keeping. Perhaps Mr. Harcourt was not altogether best pleased at Flavia's choice; but then she was his life, his hope, and he trusted, even when he gave her to a husband, that her love and doting affection would still be his own; besides Mowbray was well connected—boasted of his wealth; whereas a very moderate portion would be hers; and, in short, what with his high bearing, his handsome person, and insinuating tongue, Mr. Harcourt had irrevocably promised to bestow his treasure into the keeping of the profligate, who numbered himself almost years enough to have been the father of the young girl whom he testified the utmost impatience to call wife.

It was during the time that Mr. Mowbray was paying his court at Aveling that the neighborhood began to be alarmed by a series of highway robberies, which men said could have been perpetrated but by that celebrated knight of the road, Captain De Montmorency.

"Cudgel me, but we'll have him yet," said old Mr. Harcourt. "I should glory myself in going to Tyburn to see the fellow turned off. Ay, and I would take my little Flavia to see him go by in the cart, with a parson and a nosegay; eh! my little girl?"

"Oh, no, father," said Flavia, "I could not bear it, though he is such a daring, wicked man, whose name makes me shrink with fear and terror whenever I hear it. I could never bear to see such a dreadful sight—it would haunt me till my death."

Does the gift of prophecy, involuntary though it be, lurk within us yet? Does the soul dimly shadow out its own fate, or rather that of its frail and perishable habitation? Sweet Flavia! unsuspecting, innocent girl! your lips then pronounced your own doom as irrevocably as though you had been some stern Sybil, delivering inscrutable, unquestioned oracles—not a fair girl, with the brown hair curling down your glossy shoulders, and your soft eyes shining through your blushes, like diamonds glittering among the freshest of roses.

The betrothed pair were together to visit London.

"But I shall not dare," said the girl, as walking together in the garden she leant her young, sinless head on her guilty lover's breast—"I shall not dare take such a journey, for fear of the highwayman, De Montmorency."

"Fear not, my sweet Flavia; this breast shall be pierced through ere De Montmorency shall cause one fear in thine."

"Richard, sweetest, why do you leave us so early every evening? At sunset, I have remarked. These are not London habits. Ah! does any other than your poor Flavia attract you?"

"Sweetest and best! my purest love, could any win me from you, were it a queen? Think it not. I—I—the truth is, Flavia, I have a sick friend not far from here; he is poor, ill, and—I—I——"

"Say no more, dearest. Oh, how much more I love you every day! How good, how noble, thus to sacrifice yourself!"

And the blushing girl threw herself into her lover's arms.

Ah, how differently beat those two human hearts! One filled with love, goodness, charity, sympathy; the other rank with hypocrisy, dark with unbelief.

They came to town, unmolested, you may be sure; the stranger, because a few days previously a terrible affair had occurred. Old Lord St. Hilary had been robbed and maltreated. Men were by no means so favored as the fair sex. Above all, a family jewel of immense value had been taken from his person; and on recovering his wounds and fright he swore vengeance. He took active measures to fulfil his vow.

Flavia went to a celebrated Court milliner to be measured for wedding clothes. She was then the impersonation of radiant happiness. The milliner was much struck with her; and with the handsome, dark-browed, swarthy gentleman who accompanied her and her friend (an old lady cousin of her father's), at whose house the nuptial ceremony was to take place. The clothes were finished; saffron satin robes, according to a fancy of the bridegroom's, who was fond of the classics in his youthful days; orange blossoms wreathed.

The wedding was to take place at the old relation's, Mrs. Duchesne's house; and, on lagging wings, that day at length arrived. The marriage was celebrated, and the happy pair were in the act of being toasted by the father of the bride, when a strange noise was heard below; rude voices were upraised; oaths muttered; a rush towards the festive saloon. The company rose.

"What is it?" said Mr. Harcourt.

The door was broken open for answer. The officers of justice filled the room. Two advanced.

"Come, Captain," said they, "the game is up at last. It's an awkward time to arrest a gentleman on his wedding-day; but duty, my noble captain, duty must be done."

Entranced, frozen beyond resistance or appeal, the bridegroom was fettered; and the bride! she stood there, her hazel eyes dilating till they seemed about to spring from her head.

"My Richard, what is this?"

"Scoundrels," said Mr. Harcourt, "release my son in-law."

The men laughed. One of them was examining the necklace of Flavia; it contained a diamond in the centre worth a monarch's ransom.

"Where did you get this, miss?" he said.

Her friends answered—for the terror-stricken girl was inarticulate—"Mr. Mowbray's wedding gift."

"Oh, oh! This was the diamond Lord St. Hilary was so mad about. By your leave," and the gem was removed from the neck it encircled.

She comprehended something terrible, and at length she found speech.

"Whom do you take Mr. Mowbray for?" said she.

"Whom? why the renowned Captain De Montmorency."

A shriek—so fierce in its agony as to cause the criminal to rebound—struck on the ears of all present; insensibility followed, and Flavia was removed.

So was her bridegroom—to Newgate.

* * * * * * * *

The trial was concluded—justice was appeased—the robber was doomed. And his innocent and unpolluted victim? For days her life had hung on a thread. But youth and health closed for a short time the gates of death. She recovered. Reviving as from a dreadful dream, she could scarcely believe in the terrible event which, tornado-like, had swept over her. She desired her father to repeat its circumstances. Weeping, and his venerable gray hairs whiter with sorrow, Mr. Harcourt complied. She heard the recital in silence.

Presently clasping her father's hand, "Dear parent," she said, "when—when?"

She could utter no more—nor was it necessary; he comprehended her meaning but too well.

"The day after to morrow," he replied.

"Father, I must be there."

"My Flavia, my dearest daughter!"

"Father, I *must* be there. Do you remember your jest? Ah! it has come to pass in bitter earnest. I must be there."

Nor would she be pacified; she persisted. Her physician at length urged them to give her her way. It would, he said, be less dangerous than denial.

Near Tyburn seats were erected. Windows and balconies were to be let out on hire. One of these last, the most private, was secured; and on the fatal morning Flavia was taken thither in a close carriage, accompanied by her parent and her aged lady-cousin. She shed no tears, heaved not a single sigh, and suffered herself to be led to the window with strange, immovable calmness. Soon shouts and the swelling murmurs of a dense crowd reached her ears. The gallows was not in sight, but the fatal cart would pass close. It came on nearer, nearer—more like a triumph, that dismal sight, than a human fellowman hastening to eternity.

She clenched her hands, she rose up, straining her fair white throat to catch a glance of the criminal. Yes, there he was, dressed gaily, the ominous nosegay flaunting on his breast—but dull despair in his heart, reaching from thence to his face. As the train passed Flavia's window, by chance he raised his hot, bleared eyes; they rested on his bride, his pure virgin wife. The wretched man uttered a yell of agony, and cast himself down on the boards of the vehicle. She continued gazing, the smile frozen on her face, her eyes glassy, motionless, fixed.

They never recovered their natural intelligence. Fixed and stony, they bore her, stricken lamb, from the dismal scene. Her old father watched for days by her bedside, eagerly waiting for a ray of light, a token of sense or sound. None came. She had been stricken with catalepsy, and it was a blessing when the enchained spirit was released from its frail habitation, when the pure soul was permitted to take its flight to happier regions. Poor Mr. Harcourt sank shortly after into a state of childish imbecility, and soon father and daughter slept in one grave.

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Reminiscences of his Earlier Life.

Our memory of the late Mr. Kean goes back over forty years, to Eton days, when Eton was very different to what it is now, or, probably, to what it will become under the new head-master, when there were about 450 boys, instead of nearly twice that number; when there were no railways, and Montem was only just coming to its end; and when the school was almost as much out of the world as Rugby is, and was as stiff an ordeal for trying a boy's metal as it is possible for any one to conceive. *Then* the Oppidans were the best scholars, *now* the Collegers get all the University honors, or nearly so; but both then and now a boy could be idle and not be found out, or, if discovered, was allowed to remain so.

There are and have been many distinguished men, Etonians, contemporary with Charles Kean. It has been our lot, socially and otherwise, to meet some of these at various times and places—one or two whom the world has bowed down before and almost worshipped, and whom we have heard in public and conversed with in private; and we say it with no flattery, for that cannot reach the dead, Charles Kean, whether in public or private, would measure with any one of them. Kean was no book-worm at school; he got his verses done for him sometimes by those who never touched an oar or kicked a foot-ball; he was rather one of those who initiated that system, which has now become the rule at our great schools and universities, that athletics shall almost rank with scholarship in maintaining the honor of a school or a college. He was the best boxer, fencer and rower of his day; his quick stroke in the Britannia was a perfect marvel; he was captain of the second boat, and would have been senior captain the following year, but was removed from Eton when only sixteen and a half years old, with nothing to depend upon but the education of a gentleman, which had not yet tried his mental powers—for we suppose our readers know that some of our best men only begin to exert themselves when education is over—and with a small, well-knit frame, that made him a sort of pocket Hercules. He rowed, as stroke of a ten-oared boat, from the playing fields at Eton to Westminster-bridge, a distance of fifty five miles, on Election Monday, 1827, and that was his farewell to Eton.

Years passed, of which we have only heard the records from his own lips, at his own hospitable table, or where we now write—for once or twice he came here; and such adventures, humorous and pathetic, told with consummate art, we never heard in the conversation of those whose lives have been acted in the wider world's larger stage than he occupied. For instance, to hear him tell of an event which occurred on his first visit to Ireland, when London had rejected him, was most striking. He was acting, if we remember, at Cork. After rehearsal, as was his wont when he had the means, he hired a horse for a ride into the country before acting. From a wayside cabin, on a lonely part of the road, there ran out a beautiful Irish child, who seized his stirrup, and implored him to come in and see her sick grandfather. He dismounted, and entered the miserable hovel, where was sitting upright, in bed, a blind old man, with white hair and beard to his chest, who blest him with an Irish welcome, and received, in return, all the young actor had in his pocket, or in the world—about seven shillings and sixpence, when the bed-ridden man, feeling the coin, solemnly pronounced:—"May the prosperity of God fall upon you, and may the fame of your name go as wide as the world!" Kean added, when telling the story, that the appearance of the old man was his ideal of King Lear, and he thought his fortunes improved ever after that interview.

He had many rough but funny scenes in his early Provincial tours. For example, when in the fourth act of "Macbeth," sundry apparitions rise from the witches' cauldron, it happened on one occasion that this article was no bigger than a hat-box, if not the thing itself, and was, therefore, too small to admit of a man's shoulders to pass into it. Consequently, when an armed head was expected at the top, the stage carpenter, who was raised from below, carried upward the cauldron over his face, and his chest and apron, daubed with paint, were visible to the astonished audience.

On another occasion, when the country Juliet, in the garden scene, leaned from her balcony, he saw her frequently, while speaking, turn her head, as if from emotion, but closer inspection showed him it was to sip, not poison from the lean apothecary's hand, but whiskey negus, administered by a friend, and of which at last she had so freely partaken that the recumbent position in the tomb of the Capulets was no simulation.

His humor also was great over a barn acting of "The Forty Thieves," when the one man who represented the whole band on horseback pranced across the stage in horse-trappings, and hurried behind the scenes to reappear, each time more breathless than before. Having performed thirty-nine circuits, he was satisfied, but the audience, who saw the trick and counted the appearances, shouted for the fortieth thief!

Alas! we remember his final departure from these doors. "Good-bye, Kean, I shall see you to-morrow." The word "to-morrow" caught his ear, and in an instant, with a most tender expression of face, and a voice of exquisite pathos, he repeated:—

"To-morrow, and to morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle;
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That frets and struts his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

The speaker disappeared, and immediately afterwards there was, at the window of the carriage in which he was sitting, a countenance suffused with redness, and idiotic in expression, and bearing no trace whatever by which you could recognise who had just spoken.

After that little episode came the toilsome voyage and journey round the world, in which the seed of a fatal disease was planted. But the same warm and generous heart came back, the same hospitality and rally of the old spirits recurred, the same admirable conversational powers were shown, and, up to the time when the once ringing voice was hushed into a feeble whisper the same ardent expectation and hope expressed repeatedly that he should yet be able to fulfil engagements and take a stately farewell of the public, whom he had so long respected and served.—*Era.*

THE BITER BITTEN.—At carnival time, the Paris wits consider themselves licensed to practice their little jokes, and the following incident took place in one of the most popular restaurants: A gentleman, finding some one at the table he is in the habit of dining at daily, determined he would cause the intruder to get up; but how—a luminous idea. He called the waiter, and said, "Do you know the man dining at that table?" "No," was the reply. "I thought not, else you would never have permitted such a person to dine here." The waiter looked somewhat disturbed. "That is," pursued the gentleman, "the Versailles executioner!" A moment after the master of the establishment, pale with suppressed emotion, requested the person so stigmatised to leave his house. "Never mind your bill, but go—go at once!" "But why? what does all this mean?" inquired the party thus interrupted in his meal. "The executioner of Versailles must not compromise my establishment," asserted the owner. "What! I the executioner? Who says so?" "That gentleman." "Ah! Well, he should know. It is but a few years since I had to brand him as a thief." Saying which the old gentleman gathered up his things and retired. The stupefaction of the joker may be imagined when he was in turn requested to leave the place. It was a rare instance of the biter bitten.

SEEING THE PLAY.

A Letter from Z. Waddle.

HE GOETH TO THE THEATRE—HE HATH TRIED TO DED BEAT A DORKEEPER, AND GETTETH CABRIED DOWN STARES ON THE TOW OV A BOOT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"But that I am ferbid two tel
The seekrets ov mi karnal house,
I could a tail unfold."—*Gost, Shakespear.*

There's sumthing dowtiful about that. I don't beleav he cood do any sich thing. Shakespeer sin't a relic-able kontryband from the enemis lines by any meens. If he wus ferbid to tel, whot in the duse dus he sa enything about it fur? By the wa he taulks it looks as thow he wus keapin hotel, but who in the devil nose whare the karnel howse is? If he wus a moddern landlord he'd sa, "I cood a bin unfold," and wood foller rute by unfoldin it. This quotin from a pla reminds me that I went to see a pla the uther nite. Afear I forget it He tell you about it. Twas thuswise:—Havin receaved an invite from a fren o' mine to go to the theater with him, I thaut it a fit punishment for his empudens to talk him at his wurd. Akkordinly the evenin fownd us on our way to the pla howse. Es we neered the tickt ophis mi fren gru anxyus, and, feelin round his pockets, apeared to be mutch agitated. At last he sed, in a feelin wa, "Thare, thare, it's just my luck, sum wun hes stolen mi pocket-book! Wood yu be so kind as to bi the tickets to-night?" I sed I wood, thow it greeved me mutch, and obliged me to pass the last counterfit bil I had, and left me nary cent to talk a mornin smile. Bi the shade of my ants-sisters, He cum a similer game on him at the fust opertunity. Havin prokured the tickets, we waulked in and took a seet in the parkay. My fren, after starin around awhile, sed he regretted he haddent braut his opery glasses, to which I responded I regretted he haddent braut a glass ov gin & sugger along. We hadn't long to wate ear the curtin riz & the pla commenst. Twus the ladi of Lions, and thow Im not mutch ov a weapist I found myself weapin bitterly, and aul the mour bitterly becaus I haddent the wharewith far to get mi mornin bitterr. At the end ov the fust ack it bekame necessesery fur me to la aside mi hankerchef wich wus soaked ful & borrer wun from an ole wuman next me who was a sobbin frantikly. Twus with grate difficultie that I restraned myself from borroin her wach & dimends also, but thinkin ov the fotograf Id seen ov the state bordrn institushun I overkum miself & refrained Fur this akashun I clame the reward ov virchoo. From observashuns & inkwiries I hev maid Im now prepared to tell the public the reesin ov the curtin droppin at the end ov every akt. It is fur the purpus ov allowin the awjents to change hankerchifs & go out ater a smile so as to brase themselfs up. Sum plase rekwire this dun often. The oftener the curtin drops & the moar you git brased up the moar populer a pla is. Well the Ladi ov Lions progrest sloly & cawsed mutch felinx. At length Pawleen ses to her troo luv, "Clawed Clawed, you hev yused me most reichedusly" & went on stormin at the rate ov a mile a minit. This bust of emoshen wus a few to menny fur mi fren & he busted into a flud ov teers eggsclamin in hart rending toans bring me a currycome & bottel of ink. He then fainted. A viggerus applicashun ov curry come soon braut him toe a sayin faintly Clawed Clawed Clawed wich he continnered to sa till I informed him he wus mistaiken; that he hadent bin clawed but hed bin currycomed. He sed he felt better. "I munst mind" him "twas only a passin spasm" and that a worm lozenge wood releev him. I wus glad twus only a passin spasm. Very mutch glad I ashure yu. If it had bin a stoppin spasm to stop with him a da or two, nuthin short ov essens ov doctors bil wood releeved him. I had to git him hoam on a wheelbarro wich I borrode fur the purpus. On sundri ockashuns while loafin abowt the doar Ive noticed fellers wich apeared to hev no tickets ur uther pepers wank past the doarkeeper into the howse as thow it belonged to em. Onst I herd a feller sa as he went in 'I am thi fathers gost.' Thinx I why in thunder baint I thaut ov that afore. Ill tri it now & see how it gose. So I waux up braivly & ses I am thi fathers gost & wus passin bi when the doarkeeper kollered me. 'No yu doant res he. Yu cant gost yureself in hear. If yu doant git out or shell ovt Il *mak* a gost ov yu mity sudden. With these remarx he politely carried me doun stares on the tow ov his boot. Ive sints thanked him bi male fur the kindness he displade. Theres sum shenanigan abewt that bisness. I no doosed well I sed that sentens as wel as the uther feller & I no dused weller it faled most signelly. Wun thing is sartin. The nex time I tri that agen Im goin to be iren clad in the cote tale.

I am as usual trooly ZAC WADDLE.

ANECDOTES OF A FRENCH COMEDIAN.

Moliere, the celebrated French comedian, was esteemed the brightest genius of the age in which he lived; and therefore we may be sure he had all the choice spirits in his retinue. In his latter days he was confined to a milk diet; but when he was at his country-house near Paris, his friend, Chapelle, used to invite the guests and be the master of the ceremonies. Moliere withdrew one evening, leaving his friends at their bottle. About three in the morning the talk happened to fall on mortality. "What an insignificant thing is this life of ours," cried Chapelle; "the gall infinitely outweighs the honey; thirty or forty years are often thrown away in pursuit of a pleasure, which at last does not fall to our share, or deceives our expectation; our poor childhood is perpetually plagued by our parents in stuffing our heads with a pack of nonsense; what the plague is it to me whether the sun or the earth circulates; or whether that crazy fellow Descartes, or that visionary Aristotle, be in the right? Yet my blockhead of a tutor was continually thumping such stuff into me, and teazing me with his Epicurus; though indeed him I liked well enough. Well, we are no sooner out of the clutches of these pedants but a settlement is brought on the carpet; by Jupiter, women are sworn enemies to man's quiet; look round on every side of this fine life, there is nothing but care, vexation, misfortune and confusion." Jourdain rose and embraced him; "spoke like thyself, my dear friend; life is a scurvy business indeed; let's leave it to groveling fools; and lest such good friends be separated, let's even go and drown ourselves together; we have but a step to the river." "That's my hero," said Nugent, "this is the very nick of time to die good friends and in high spirits; besides, the whole nation will ring with this exploit." This friendly motion being unanimously applauded, up started these inebriated gentlemen and staggered away to the river. Baron (Moliere's pupil) ran out for help and called up his master, who was the more terrified at this project, as he knew them to be so far in liquor. These frantics had already reached the river and were putting off a boat in order to drown themselves in the deepest water; but luckily some of the servants and villagers, being at their heels, drew them on shore. Enraged at being prevented in destroying themselves, they drew their swords upon their helpers, and these took to their heels towards Moliere's house, who, meeting his furious friends, said to them, "What's the matter, gentlemen? what have these rascals done to you?" "Done!" replied Jourdain, who was the most forward to begone, "the scoundrels have interrupted our drowning ourselves. Now, dear Moliere, you are a man of wit, and so may judge whether we are not greatly in the right; wearied out with this paltry world, we were upon mending our condition in the other, to which the river seemed the shortest cut; and these dogs of rustics have frustrated our expedition; don't they deserve our swords in their guts?" "Is it so?" replied Moliere; "that's too good for them; begone, ye scum of the earth," said he, in a seeming anger to the poor men, "or I'll break every bone in your bodies; such fellows as you presume to thwart gentlemen in their noble design! Now, gentlemen," continued Moliere, "what have I deserved, that you should not have acquainted me with such an exalted purpose? What! to drown yourselves, and leave me in this sneaking, fickle, miserable world I thought you had loved me better." "He is indeed in the right," said Chapelle; "was not friendship in us; well, come along, the more the merrier." "Fair and softly," replied Moliere; "this requires some deliberation; it is the last act of life, and should be attended with all its merit; were we to drown ourselves now immediately, the spiteful world would not fail to say we did it in the night, like folks in despair, or in a mad fit of drunkenness. Let us take the season that will dignify the achievement, and set it in its full lustre; about eight or nine in the morning, fresh and fasting, we will solemnly proceed hand in hand to the river, before a multitude of spectators, and then a good riddance of the world." "His reasons are unanswerable," said Nugent, "I like them well." "The devil's in it," continued la Motte, "we are but mere idiots in comparison with this Moliere; so agreed, we will put it off till to-morrow; and, in the mean time, let's to bed, for I can hardly keep my eyes open." Thus, without Moliere's happy presence of mind, there would have been a horrid complication of guilt and mischief; for his friends were bent upon revenge; but a sound sleep reconciled them to the world, and they rewarded those who had put a stop to their precipitate departure.

Moliere had an excellent heart, of which many instances might be given. One day his pupil, Baron, brought word of a man whom extreme distress hindered from shewing himself, and that his name was Mondargo; "I know him," answered Moliere; "he was one of us in Laguedoc; what will it be proper to give him?" Baron, after a pause, said, "four pistoles." "Well," replied Moliere, "I am going to give him four for myself, and do you give him "these twenty." To this handsome present Moliere added many tender expressions, and a very rich theatric habit for tragedies.

The same, who was frequently very absent in mind, one day hired a coach to carry him to the theatre, but he being in haste, and the carriage not proceeding with the rapidity he wished, he got out, placed himself behind, and endeavored to push it forward. Notwithstanding the loud and general laughter this act occasioned, he was not sensible of his folly. On arriving at the theatre he was covered with mud, and abused the coachman for having such a dirty carriage, and it was not without much ado that he was made to understand the truth.

The same, having thrown out alms one day to a beggar, the man called out to the coachman to stop; and coming up, "Sir," said he, "I suppose this piece of gold was not intended for me?" Moliere, after a moment's pause, cried out, "In what holes does virtue nestle itself! Here, friend, there is another."

The company of comedians, of which Moliere was the head, proposed a very pompous funeral for him; but the archbishop of Paris would not allow him so much as Christian burial. Moliere's widow, willing to make some amends by her respect to his corpse for the uneasiness she gave him while living, went and threw herself at the king's feet for redress; the king told her, "that it being an affair within the archbishop's jurisdiction, he was the person she must petition." However, his majesty sent a message to the prelate, recommending the matter to him, as his refusal would make a great noise, and give offence. This induced the archbishop to recall his prohibition, provided that the funeral should be plain and silent; accordingly it was performed by two priests, without singing, a great number of friends attending, each with a torch in his hand; but Mrs. Moliere, who was always upon extremes, several times exclaimed, "What! is a funeral denied to a man who deserved altars?"

THE MOST DANGEROUS ENEMY IS OFTEN THE LEAST TERRIBLE IN OUTWARD SHOW.—Bang! bang! bang!—bounce! bang! "Oh, dear friends, whatever you do, keep out of the way of that gun; it blazes and bangs and bounces continually," cried a wild duck to his companions in the brake. "That's not the gun to be afraid of," said another. "It does, indeed, blaze continually, but always at random, therefore does little harm to anything but the reeds or bushes. I'll tell you what gun to avoid—that one that is now pointed; it goes off seldom compared with the other, but it never fails to bring down its bird when it does."

GIN-AND-WATER.—"Boy, what is coffee?" "Coffee, why that's what daddy calls his gin and sugar arter he comes home from the temperance meetin'." "He uses up a good deal of it, don't he?" "Well, no; but a good deal of it uses him up, as far as I his kalkilate."

NAUGHTY DOINGS EVERYWHERE.

SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE.

CAREER OF A BRITISH SNOB.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE never said a wiser thing than when he advised a member of his family "to wash his dirty linen at home." Had Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, Hereditary Grand Chamberlain, but followed this advice, the English nation would have been saved a great scandal on the class to which he belongs—may we say, which he dishonors?—a damaging blow to its authority. The case is a simple one—not so uncommon (except in its catastrophe) as we could wish, but sufficiently rare to startle us by its meanness. Years ago, his Lordship, then plain Mr. Willoughby, persuaded a French Countess to forsake her husband and live with him. For nearly twenty years they passed as man and wife; the woman was received by her betrayer's family, she was called "Dear Aunt" by his relatives, and she bore him a daughter, who was married in happy ignorance that she was not the child of shame. The Count had procured a divorce, and it would have been well had the English nobleman (we will not call him gentleman) done his victim the only possible remaining act of justice and propriety by marrying her. But he did not; they still lived together, she furnishing with her own money the house in which they lived, and tending him during a long and dangerous illness, as only a fond woman can tend the man she loves. But he recovered, only to turn round upon the woman he had ruined and drive her from her house, in order that he might instal in her place her own waiting-maid. Further than this, the Hereditary Grand Chamberlain had the meanness to sell her furniture and keep the money, on the disgraceful plea that as the Countess was a married woman she could hold no property in her own right. Were it of any use to moralize, we might caution wives who are tempted to go astray, that such is generally the end of these unholy unions. All may go on smoothly enough for a time, but when youth is gone and beauty faded, the seducer finds his conscience aroused all of a sudden to the guilt of his position, and begins his reform by casting off the poor creature who had forsaken all to follow him.

But to do Lord Willoughby d'Eresby justice, he does not put forward any such hypocritical plea. He has been caught by a new and pretty face, and had he been married to the French woman, the only difference would have been that there would have been no scandal, the second mistress being quietly settled down at Brompton or St. John's Wood. It seems probable that in the earlier part of their intercourse Mr. Willoughby would have married the French lady, but for a threat that if he did so, a large property which he expected to inherit in due course with the title would be alienated from him. The temptation to continue in his wrong doing was a strong one, and we do not believe there are many persons who would be proof against it. At any rate, his Lordship was not the man. He could prevail upon the lady to sacrifice everything to him, but he could not make a sacrifice for her. Selfish and unprincipled to the last, he preferred a disgraceful exposure to making even that pecuniary arrangement which every real man of honor would be only too ready to make, and which his Lordship is compelled to make at last.

But what a singular state of society is that which permits a man to live with the wife of another, and to introduce his mistress among his relatives. The family received both mother and child as if no slur attached to either. If such are the moral principles of high life, we may be thankful that all the world does not act and think with the dwellers in Hamilton Place. In the middle classes no man would dare to introduce his mistress into the domestic circles of his friends and relations; and though the man might not be thought much worse of, the partner of his sin would assuredly be tabooed. But vice in silk and lace, with diamonds and carriages, is not the same as vice unadorned. An hereditary legislator may do what a grocer may scarcely think of. By virtue of his birth he is a law-maker, and therefore not to be treated as an ordinary law breaker. Sings Captain Macheath:—

"If laws were made for every degree,
I wonder we han't better company
At Tyburn Tree."

But a peer of the realm is not to be bound like other men, or he would have hesitated long before permitting such a burning scandal to himself and his order to be brought into a vulgar court of justice. Had he no friends to advise him, or is honor quite lost among certain classes of society? We heard dreadful things last year and the year before about the ignorance of the lower classes, and of the danger of giving them votes. Their ignorance cannot be more dangerous than the Hereditary Grand Chamberlain's vice, which, we are quite sure, will not prevent him from voting upon any subject touching religion or morality that may come before the House of Peers. Who so worthy to instruct noble lords on the value of higher morality, or so well informed on the evils of concubinage? "What! reward the woman who has been living with you in adultery for twenty years! God forbid!" There is one possible good from this exposure: it may teach the class to which his Lordship belongs that they must keep their households in better order if they desire to retain their position; for the nation, as it gets wiser, will not submit to hereditary rulers unless they possess also hereditary virtues.

A singular question here arises as to the position of a Hereditary Grand Chamberlain, or any other hereditary court functionary, who has disgraced himself by any public scandal. Is he still to be permitted to appear in state ceremonials, and to obtrude into the presence of the Queen; or has her Majesty the right and the power to get rid of these blackguardly functionaries? Is a man—a felon it may be, or worse—to thrust himself forward among honorable men and women, disgracing them and disgracing his country; or has the crown the privilege of dispensing with services that can only be worthily discharged when performed by persons who are worthy of our respect? All that has been said ere this of the Hereditary Chamberlain may be untrue; but, corroborated as it is by the present scandal, we think it high time that the court should be relieved of his presence.—*London Weekly Times.*

A DASHING COLORED LADY.

On Friday afternoon, 14th inst., a dashing feminine of the colored persuasion, yet with modest mein and more of the "*air distingue*" than is usually accorded to her race, presented herself before the Clerk of Circuit Court No. 2, and asked the privilege of filing her petition for a divorce. Louisa Johnson, the plaintiff, states that she was married to defendant, William Johnson, in the city of St. Louis, two years ago last October, defendant shortly afterward proving himself recreant to the bonds of matrimony by taking departure for the city of Cincinnati, where, it seems, William found another Louisa with superior charms, and with whom he continued to live as man and wife, plaintiff having given defendant no cause for this untimely desertion, but on all occasions had dispensed her smiles on him without stint. Plaintiff further states that defendant has quite a respectable income, beside earning large monthly wages; but since his clandestine departure has positively refused and neglected to furnish any support or funds for her respectable maintenance; and while asking to be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, also asks the court to grant her alimony and all other orders and judgments touching the premises that may be just and proper.—*Missouri Republican.*

Fighting the Tiger.

We append the following graphic description of a New York faro bank, which may be taken as a type of its class everywhere:

One half minute from Broadway finds you in the second story of a handsome building, where the furniture is of walnut and velvet, massive and armorial, reproduced in mirrors which might be priced in diamonds by their carats. The gas is burning, as it were midnight, the heavy curtains folded close; the sunshine world of business might be twenty miles away, yet here is business, of its kind, grave and anxious, which we may look upon.

A table, narrow and long, reaches across the place. Upon its green surface are embroidered the thirteen cards that make up the suit. At each end is a space, colored respectively red and black. Between these spaces, opposite the thirteen embroidered cards, sits a man shuffling a pack of fifty-two cards, supported by a second man, who keeps tally and rakes in and out checks and money. There are chairs facing, and also on either side of the dealer, and these are filled by men who place money on ivory blocks upon the fifteen spaces and the spots of red and black.

When the man in the middle has shuffled and cut the pack of cards, he places them, with their faces up, in a silver box that exactly contains them.

"Now, gentlemen," cries the dealer briskly, "make your bets!"

This, then, is a day gambling house, and the game to be begun is faro.

If you are not familiar with cards, you may like to know that a pack is composed of fifty-two, divided into four kinds or suits of thirteen apiece. Two of these suits are red, two black. The philosophy of faro, which is supposed to be the fairest gambling game, is that the host or banker bets against his guests promiscuously, upon either the denomination or color of the alternate cards, as they are successively pushed up by a spring at the bottom of the silver box. To compensate him for the cost of the entertainment, rather more than an equal chance is accorded him, and this is variously estimated at from three to fifteen per cent.

You will see

THE RING.

JACK HICKS' FAREWELL BOXING EXHIBITION.

LIVELY BRUSH BETWEEN HICKS AND LOWERY.

Seldom has the Opera House, 609 Broadway, which now stands almost alone as a place of rendezvous for the professors and supporters of the noble science of self-defence—the only eligible one remaining of the many halls formerly open to the fraternity—been crowded to such an extent as on the evening of Tuesday, 18th inst., when Jack Hicks was the recipient of a complimentary sparring testimonial, and made his "farewell appearance upon any stage," as our "grammatic cricket" would say, prior to his return to England. Not only was the audience large, but it was composed to a considerable extent of material not seen at every exhibition, embracing many of the upper class of sporting men and several luminaries in the fistic world, chief among the number being John C. Heenan and the giant of Athlone, Jimmy Elliott, who occupied a position side by side during the evening, and outside of the stage were the observed of all observers. Taken in connection with Elliott's negotiations with O'Baldwin, the *tete-a-tete* between the two herculean framed athletes was regarded by the *cognoscenti*, as indicative of something being in the wind, and many and various were the opinions expressed and conjectures advanced in reference thereto. O'Baldwin was expected to be present, having faithfully promised Hicks to box for him, and the positive announcement made of his arrival by an unreliable daily gave color to the belief, and to this fact, no doubt, the extensive gathering of the clans is, in a great measure, attributable, as something important, or at least exciting, was expected to result from a meeting between Elliott and O'Baldwin, and everybody wanted to be there to see it. Had the latter made his appearance, something of the sort would have varied the programme, certain, and perchance the foundation been laid for the anxiously looked for pugilistic meeting between the rival big 'uns; but as he didn't, those who were waiting for it were compelled to chew the cud of bitter disappointment in this respect, though the character of the show made amends therefor to some degree. This disregard of his pledged word, especially at such a time and under such circumstances, was very bad policy upon the part of O'Baldwin, and isn't calculated to benefit him in any way. There was an unusually strong representation of the Brooklyn fancy on the occasion, too, mainly attracted by the expectation of warm work between the *beneficiaire* and Ed. Lowery, who were down on the bills for a second wind-up, and the scenes at Reardon's benefit were still fresh in their memory.

Uncle Tovee had, as usual, the superintendence of matters, and at the designated hour, 8 o'clock, commenced his peregrinations through the throng in search of a couple with whom to inaugurate the skirmishing, and after considerable "chinning" James Miles, the California pedestrian, stripped and pulled on the gloves for a set-to with a new comer, "Jim Shaw," likewise of some repute in the pedalistic arena. The "Champions of California and Australia," however, became highly indignant because the venerable Master failed to catch some eulogistic lingo with which he (Miles) wished to be introduced, and doffing the mittens like a child in a pet he refused to go on. This elicited a chorus of anything but complimentary remarks from the boys who observed the action, and one prominent regular expressed his opinion of the consequential pedestrian in no measured terms. The action is seemingly a trifling one, but it was a bad stepping stone to public favor, for we are liable to judge from straws which way the wind blows, and if it don't tell in the scale against him we're very much mistaken, that's all. A substitute was found for "the youth with the golden locks" in the person of Young Scott, who during the evening exercised himself in disposing of Hicks' photos. through the audience—an innovation upon "the customs of the country" which was the subject of not a little comment, by no means flattering to the pecuniary ideas of the *beneficiaire*. The set-to was of a rough and ready sort, neither party evincing even a mediocre knowledge of the science, but both showing a partiality for hard knocks, which each managed to accommodate the other with a surfeit of, to the delight of the audience, who gave vent to a rousing meed of praise as they bowed themselves off.

Malone, a tall, broad-shouldered stranger to the metropolitan boards, but evidently not to the use of the mittens, next showed up, having as an opposite a more diminutive specimen of the *genus homo*, who was introduced by he of the iron grey whiskers as "a small sized lemon" (owing to family considerations we presume). The former had not only weight, height and reach in his favor, but he likewise possessed all the science, which, however, wasn't over much. The "lemon," too, had been imbibing rather immoderately of the liquid contained in the cup which *does* inebriate, and this was another disadvantage, though it made him all the more anxious for a brush, and a lively one they had, too, peppering each other from one side of the stage to the other until exhausted nature compelled the little 'un to hold up; he was pretty well sobered up by the rough usage, and as he doffed the gloves he uttered a resolve never to put 'em on again, as he never had before. It was a slogging match from the send-off, and just put the boys in humor for more of the same sort, which they had when

Young Quinn, who swears by Brooklyn, and another of larger growth, with the *sobriquet* of "Johnny Bull"—an appellation which the cut of his jib proclaimed the appropriateness of—displayed their manly proportions upon the boards. This bout was pretty much like unto those preceding it, each preferring slogging to fancy work, and made things hum again, though the little 'un, bringing superior knowledge of the "ways and means" to bear, obtained the upper hand of his more powerful opponent.

Dooney Harris and Mike Noonan now reversed the order of things, to a certain extent, by treating the auditors to a display of the real beauties of the art, leavened with an occasional appeal to muscular force. Mike endeavored to bustle his wily antagonist, but, though somewhat advanced in years, the "ex-detective" is still able to hold his own, and a trifle more, with the best of them, and proved the fact in this instance by keeping well out of harm's way, and returning more than an equivalent for what he did receive, though that didn't detract from the Brooklynite's credit in the least.

The *soi disant* champion ped of the Pacific Slope, Miles, now mounted the stage, and stated that he was induced to visit the East by intelligence received in a letter while in California, to the effect that he had been matched with Weston to walk for $5,000 a side, which he found upon his arrival was a hoax. He then announced his willingness to walk from one to one thousand miles with any man in the country, and could be found at Rockey Moore's hotel. This brought a prominent sporting man and backer of fistically inclined "thoroughbreds" to his feet, evidently with the intention of proposing a match, but his object was divined by another leading sport and boniface whom it didn't suit, and ere "rybuck" could declare himself, the ex-cap'ain with the whiskers stopped the ball. However, Jeems will doubtless be accommodated with a pedalistic engagement when the "novelty" wears off.

O'Mealia and Cunningham, a brace of feather-weights with features of the mould Milesian, were the next to enter the charmed circle. They patterned after Harris and Noonan in the character of their digital exchanges, light taps being the rule, and forcible favors the exception; the former, who is very clever with his digits, and has rapidly improved since he first became a participant in such exercises, proved a few too many for his rival in this instance, and gained the largest share of the applause so liberally bestowed by the spectators. Harry Hill now made his salaam to the assemblage, accompanied by a number of his satellites, and announced that the next box would be a wrestling match, Hibernically speak'ng, between his novice and Roberts, a late arrival from the land of good beer and roast beef, they having agreed to have a twist if a purse could be raised to make it an object, regarding, we presume, the exertion as too great to undergo for the weal of a fellow sport without the shekels were forthcoming. The spokesman then dropped a V into the tile as a nest egg, but upon a popular Fourth Warder deputising himself as collector, withdrew it again, *pro tem*, evidently regarding a greenback in the hand as worth two in the hat. A snug amount was thus raised, and the men proceeded to strip for the encounter, which was to be decided by the best two in three falls, a gentleman named Cole acting as referee, upon Hill's suggestion. Prior to commencing, a stylishly rigged friend of Harry's offered to bet $5 to $1 on the novice, which Colbert and others took as often as he wished to "go it." At last the men took hold, and after a short struggle Roberts went down upon his face, which, upon appeal, was decided not fair by the referee. In the two succeeding bouts the novice manifested his superior skill, cleverly throwing Roberts without much difficulty, and capturing the currency. There was considerable dispute over the second fall, the friends of Roberts claiming it as unfair, but the referee decided against him. The winner, in order to prove his ability to vanquish Roberts, proposed another trial "for the fun of the thing," which was accepted, and again was Roberts placed horizontal.

Now came the eagerly-looked for wind-up between the *beneficiaire* and Lowery, and in order not to miss seeing the sport everybody elongated themselves as much as practicable and wormed themselves into more eligible positions. Hicks having returned his thanks to those present for kindness shown him not only upon the present occasion, but ever since his arrival in the country—a kindness which he would be happy to reciprocate in case he met any of them in the land of the red rose—he stepped back, and Tovee having formally introduced the twain in stereotyped phraseology, the fun commenced. It was plain that their previous meeting at Reardon's ben., when Lowery tried to take an unmanly advantage of Jack, had engendered considerable ill-feeling, and this time both went in with might and main, urged on by their respective adherents, the New Yorkers standing by Hicks and the Brooklyn delegates shouting for Edward. There wasn't a whit of science shown from beginning to end, it was give and take all the time, and the manner in which they boosted each other from side to side, poulticing with right and left the while, was enough to give any one of fragile constitution the cold shivers or bring on an attack of the galloping consumption; but those hearts of oak and ribs of steel cared not for it, but the more they received the more they seemed to want, and as it was there for 'em every time neither was disappointed.

Lowery found that he had neither the strength nor cunning to cope successfully with the Englishman, and in each of the quartet of bustling rounds he was placed *hors de combat*. The first fall resulted mainly from a slip on a "soft" spot. In the second bout Jack administered a severe backheeler, in the third Ed. was thrown off the stage, with his opponent on top, across one of the branches, and in the fourth, when Lowery in the rally had been driven against the wall, was caught by Hicks and thrown bodily some feet away, the latter remaining upon his pins. This finished one of the most exciting glove encounters we ever witnessed, and the applause bestowed at the finish was perfectly deafening. The Brooklynite can do exceedingly well with any one more his equal in strength and ability, but Hicks has had too much experience and is too consummate a general for him. The set-to, however, was very creditable to Ed., and will cause his re-appearance to be heartily welcomed. The entertainment was a success and a good send-off for the *beneficiaire*, showing what the public think of him.

RING ENCOUNTER IN DAKOTAH TERRITORY
BETWEEN
JOE BEAN AND JOE RILEY FOR $1,000 A SIDE.

BEAN WINS BY A FOUL.

The pugilistic engagement alluded to in these columns some weeks since as on the tapis between those old antagonists, Joe Riley and Joe Bean, for $1,000 a side and the gate money, was brought to a climax upon the day appointed, Monday, Feb. 10th, near Crow Creek, a couple of miles from Cheyenne, D. T. The first meeting between these men occurred in a room, at Virginia City, M. T., for $400, in January, 1865, when Riley won in one round, lasting two minutes and a half. Prior to this Riley defeated Tom Foster, near Virginia City, M. T., in 26 rounds, for $750, Sept. 19, 1864, and on March 6, 1866, compelled Jim Shannon to strike his colors in 48 rounds, lasting 73 minutes, at Montana, M. T., for $500. Bean figured in the roped circle as a principal but once before, with the result mentioned above. The inglorious defeat sustained by Bean in his maiden essay deeply chagrined him and he longed for another opportunity to test the merits of Riley, which presented itself in December last, and the match under consideration was speedily arranged. The rivalry existing between the parties and the number of adherents who could be counted by each, caused the match to be invested with much interest, not only in the immediate neighborhood but throughout the territories. To the residents of Cheyenne the occasion was quite a gala day, and was celebrated by the suspension of business to a great extent, all the saloon and many business establishments being closed until evening, in order to allow their proprietors and employes an opportunity to view the game of fisticuffs. In fact, judging from appearances, a large proportion of the population, male and female, turned out to "see the show." A vast amount of money was speculated upon the result. One feminine not only staked all the dust in her possession, but wagered her jeweled necklace, diamond ring and watch chain on the result. The spot selected for the enclosure was well adapted for the purpose, affording an excellent view to all who attended. Riley was waited upon by Billy Updyke and Billy Gardner, while Bean had for esquires Jack Looney, of St. Louis, and Frank Johnson. The referee having been chosen in the person of Jack Lannigan, more generally known as "Fat Jack," the men proceeded to disrobe, while the crowd at the ring side speculated pecuniarily upon the issue. Everything being in ship-shape at ten minutes past 2 o'clock P. M. the ceremony of shaking hands was performed, and the men advanced to the centre to commence

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The eager scrutiny which the spectators gave the principals disclosed the fact that as far as condition and general appearance were concerned they were as evenly matched as could well be, while their tightly-compressed lips and the determined expression upon their faces evinced that each was resolved to either secure the victory, or, if he failed in this desideratum, give his opponent the hardest shake-up he had ever been favored with. They commenced work without much fiddling, Riley inaugurating a vigorous onslaught, as though he had set his mind upon forcing matters from the word go. This somewhat confused Bean, who, not liking it, clinched and threw Riley.

2. Bean took the initiative, dashing out his left duke and catching Riley an ugly thwack on the nasal organ, turning on the tap, and obtaining the first event. Riley rushed to a close, when some lively fibbing ensued, followed by a break away, and a stinger from Riley's left, which knocked Bean off his pins. First knock down for Riley.

3. Getting warmed up they came quickly to the scratch, Riley delivering immediately with his left, which fell short, Bean returning on the right cheek, but coppering it on the ear—a round right hand shot, sounding like the report of a pistol. This brought on rapid exchanges, and in the close Riley was undermost.

4. The fast fighting in the prior round caused them to puff like steam engines, and sparring for wind was in order. Finally Bean handed his opponent a light 'un on the chin, the latter retaliating with a similar favor on the ribs, when they clinched and Riley was again thrown.

5. Recovering their wind, operations commenced at once, Riley leading with a left hander, which took effect on the mouth of his rival, who showed his appreciation thereof by a swinging hit on the neck. Half-arm exchanges followed in quick succession, Riley having a little the worst of it and napping a hot 'un over the left lamp, which cut a deep gash. In the wrestle the latter was again worsted.

6. Riley was bleeding profusely from the gash over his left optic, but aside from this Bean showed the most marks of his opponent's handiwork. They dashed to close quarters after a couple of light exchanges, Riley, who administered the greatest amount of punishment in the half-arm work, finally going down.

7 and 8. Riley, thoroughly roused, and smarting under the pain caused by the terrific blow on his left eye, which was gradually closing, began a ferocious onslaught, forcing his opponent into his own corner, punishing him severely, and finally throwing and falling upon him heavily.

9. This was the hardest fought round in the battle, each apparently bent upon hurrying matters to a close, and dealing terrific blows with both hands, principally about the head. Fighting to a close, Riley was ultimately thrown with great force against one of the stakes, sustaining several severe bruises thereby.

10 to 19. The fighting was generally of an easy going character in these rounds, heavy exchanges being the exception, and Riley going down to avoid in every one except the last, when both fell, locked in a close embrace.

20. Bean began to show sadly the effects of punishment received, and came to the scratch weak in the knees. Riley, who was quite fresh, feinted, and as Bean wildly essayed to parry the anticipated blow, Riley delivered heavily on the conk and Bean went to grass hastily.

21. After a few harmless exchanges, both men seeming somewhat muddled, particularly Bean, Riley slipped down as usual. A claim was here made that one of Bean's seconds had purposely trampled on Riley's arm, while a counter claim was put in that the latter had rosin or something else in his hands. Neither claim was allowed. After considerable squabbling the ring was cleared and the fight went on.

22 to 23 and last. In the 22d round Riley slipped to mother earth after delivering several blows of little moment and napping a brace of less import in return. In the 23d both went in with a vim, and after knocking each other about like shuttlecocks for a couple of minutes Riley fell. The friends of Bean here cried out "foul" and claimed the fight upon the plea that Riley had rosin in his hands—a claim which was sustained by the referee, and the battle accordingly decided in Bean's favor. This decision created intense excitement and dissatisfaction, and a general scrimmage took place between the seconds, bottle-holders, referee and spectators.

At this time an excited individual charged Fat Jack with "throwing off" on his friends, which stirred up the latter's righteous indignation, and drawing an Arkansas toothpick he attempted to let daylight through his accuser. While the knife was descending, however, Dr. Hamilton, the stakeholder, caught his arm, turning the weapon aside. The man upon whom the knife was drawn pulled a six shooter, and taking deliberate aim at Jack, was in the act of firing, when Bill Sheriff put the fleshy part of his hand, between the thumb and fore-finger, over the nipple of the revolver, the man pulled the trigger and the hammer came down, inflicting a deep and ugly gash in the hand of Bill Sheriff. The fight lasted twenty-seven minutes; and the punishment received upon both sides was very severe. Dr. Hamilton, on the decision of the referee, handed the backers of Bean the stake money and other side bets that had been entrusted to him. The friends of Riley are greatly chagrined at the result, and are still confident that he can thrash Bean. An enthusiastic friend of Riley's pulled out a ponderous roll of greenbacks and offered to bet $10,000 that Riley could whip Bean. Shortly after the return of the parties to Cheyenne a number of sports were discussing the result of the fight in Martin's gambling saloon, when one of the party becoming excited drew a revolver and fired, the ball striking a man by the name of Heman in the groin. He was supposed to be dangerously wounded. It is the general impression that the referee was biased in favor of Bean, and that Riley, who had all the best of the last nine rounds, would have won had he obtained fair play.

SPORTS ABROAD.

MILLING NEAR BRUMMAGEM.—After a long rest, the Brums turned out on Feb. 4th in shoals, and were afforded a grand treat in the shape of a brush between a brace of British feather weights named W. Hitchen (Fawcett) and Jem Winfield, better known as "Dardy," for a tenner a side. Hitchen, one of the most promising of the modern school, is nineteen years of age, stands 5ft 5½in, and his previous performances consist of a draw with Johnny Nyland, after a three hours' contest, one of the best-contested fights ever witnessed, and victories over Whitey, Bryan, Mullody, and Jack Roberts, in each of which he has evinced the utmost gameness and resolution. Winfield is some three years his opponent's senior, but is an inch and a half under his standard. His previous doings consist of a defeat by T. Glynn (Russian), also a victory over that worthy. The positive "tip" was not given until late on the evening prior at the stakeholder's, when a referee was chosen, a celebrated light-weight. The wrong "griff" was given to several, who made for the Bee som House, near Sutton Coldfield, and missed the fight, the "Beggar's Bush," near Oscott, Eng., being the real *venue*. A ring was formed in an adjacent field, into which the lads entered at 8.45 A. M., and ten minutes later shook hands for business, Fawcett being the favorite at 6 to 4 and 2 to 1. Both stripped well, Dardy especially, who has never been off his training since his recent contemplated engagement with Babb (who, it will be remembered, was apprehended). Sparring was succeeded by Dardy opening hostilities on the chest, Fawcett returning somewhat short on the mouth. Some lively exchanges to the ropes, where they got down, Fawcett under. Fawcett was slightly at a nonplus how to get at his opponent, who stood right leg first, and, after some rapid but somewhat harmless exchanges, was under in the fall. The two succeeding bouts were much in the same direction, but, in the fifth, Fawcett made up his mind to alter matters, and considerably modified his tactics, the result being a pasting on Dardy's frontispiece, and the latter having the worst of the throw. Fawcett further improved his position by getting on with rapidity and effect, Dardy's left eye and ear bearing evidence of the onslaught; he eventually bored Dardy down at the ropes. The sixth and seventh bouts were well contested, Fawcett evidently possessing more punishing power than his opponent. In the eighth bout, after an exchange of compliments, Fawcett landed a stinger on the mouth, from which blood was visible, and first event was claimed for him. The next round was a determined struggle for supremacy. Fawcett visiting the left eye, which contracted, and left ear, which sung again; in the close both were down side by side. The next round witnessed a fierce onslaught, both pegging away with a vengeance. The eleventh to the fourteenth were the turning point in favor of Fawcett, who had now measured his opponent's strength, and invested with extraordinary vigor on the left eye, which showed symptoms of contracting; also on the left ear, slitting it, and finished up with boring his man down at the ropes. The fifteenth round was a critical bout for Dardy, who was floored by a straight shot on the jaw, Fawcett thus securing second event also. In the next three rounds Dardy fought on the saving suit, and got down somewhat suspiciously, appeals being made to the referee. In the nineteenth a *ruse* of "police" made a temporary halt in Dardy's favor, and a general scamper caused the ring to be cleared, Dardy vacating the same, but was at once ordered back (somewhat reluctantly complying with the mandate). The fight was now virtually over, Dardy's stamina gradually leaving him, until, at the thirty-second round, after contesting an hour and five minutes, the sponge was thrown up for him, but not without a thorough hiding, consisting of his left eye "up," his mouth slit and swollen to twice its size, and his hands quite "gone," his left ear also swollen and discolored. Fawcett escaped with barely a scratch, his ribs slightly reddened. The affair was conducted very quietly throughout. The winner promises to become a candidate for championic honors at his weight.

THE PROCEEDINGS IN THE CASE OF MICKEY GANNON AND OTHERS.—At the Thames Police Court, London, Eng., on Feb. 3d, Michael Gannon, Wm. Gillham and John Roche were charged on remand with violently assaulting and beating an Inspector and several police constables. The case, as at first stated, appeared to show that great violence had been used by the prisoners, and that Taylor had been lifted up with the intention of his being thrown into the river. The Thames Tunnel piermaster was now called, and said that Taylor was thrust against the side of the vessel, and an attempt made to raise it, which if it had succeeded would have caused a number of those on board to fall into deep water. The vessel was put back, and the Inspector and the officers were violently thrust out on to the pier. The accused were stated to have taken a prominent part in an attack upon the officers. Mr. Paget stated that when Inspector Taylor applied for warrants for the arrest of the prisoners, he asked whether any attempt was made to put him (Taylor) overboard, when the Inspector said that no such attempt was made. Taylor also stated at the same time that no blow was struck, but that he was hustled and roughly pushed on shore. Mr. Benson was of opinion that the Thames police had very properly interfered, and had a right to go on board the steamboat to warn the captain he was acting illegally in taking prize fighters and others to a pugilistic combat. He did not believe any attempt was made to throw Taylor overboard. If there had been he should have committed the prisoners for trial. He convicted Gillham and Gannon of a common assault, and fined the former £1, and the latter £1 10s. There was some doubt respecting the prisoner Roche, and he would be discharged. The case lasted five hours.

THE FERGUSON AND QUIN WRANGLE.—It will be remembered that Bill Ferguson, of Salford, and Ned Quin, of Manchester, Eng., were to have contended on Tuesday, Jan. 21, for £15 a side, at catch weight, but on the eve of the anticipated mill Ferguson was arrested on an old warrant for being concerned in a former prize fight. He was released the following day after being bound over to keep the peace, and he at once expressed his willingness to break his bail and fight, but Quin claimed forfeit of the stakes. The usual stormy meetings were subsequently held, but no settlement could be arrived at till Feb. 4th, when a large gathering of the men's backers and friends took place at Mr. J. Jones', Manchester, and various propositions were made, but without success. Ultimately Quin agreed to fight for the money down (£30) on receiving £2 as a *douceur*. This being agreed to, fresh terms were at once determined upon, and the result was that instead of the match ending in smoke as was at one time feared, the men were to contend on Tuesday, Feb. 11, over 20 and under 40 miles of the cotton metropolis.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

WE take this opportunity, having a momentary lull in other things, to edge in a few words of our own. So, "hear ye, hear ye!" *Imprimis*—Will Messrs. E. B. Cook, C. H. Waterbury and N. Marache accept the post of Committee of Award in our Suimate Tourney, now approaching completion? At any rate, will these gentlemen have the kindness to address us, that we may know how to reach them with a note? Again, all of our host of contributors having matter designed for us are requested to give it a final look and the finishing touch, as soon as convenient, and pass it in. Don't misapprehend our position. We have, within the last month, actually received as much matter in quantity as we can use for the next half year—thanks to the liberality of numerous of our correspondents!—but, to secure still greater variety, and enable all to appear in turn as soon as we can possibly bring them around, all that come in by about the close of the Tourney will be shuffled right in with those already on hand. Again, a few more original and good games, especially if annotated by the winner, would be very welcome, and appear from time to time without very long delays. And, lastly, having given so many suimates lately, beyond two or three promised ones, and corrections of errors in Tourney positions, which are always in order, no more will be put on file for publication for many months. Thus endeth the present lesson; walk in, gentlemen, the CLIPPER's latch-string hangeth always out.

Enigma No. 613.

Best English set.—"Sound as a bell. 'A cracked one?' quoth he."
BY T. MILES HILL, M. D.

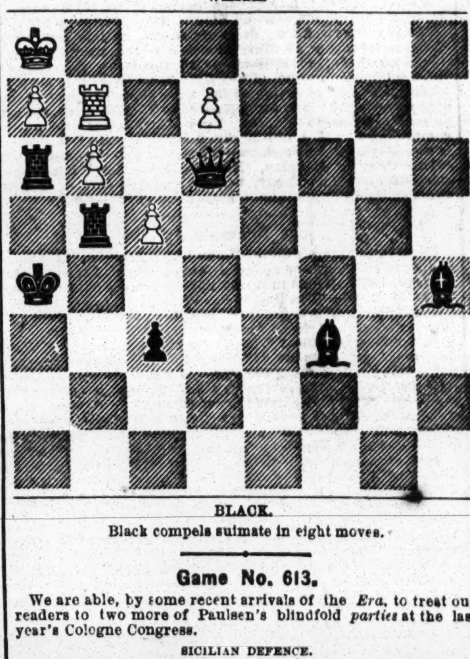
at his R 2, K R 7, K 4, K B 6, Q B 2, Q B 3, and 6, Q 6th, and a White Pawn at K B 3d.

at Q B 5, Q B 8, K B 4, Q Kt 6, Q R 6, Q Kt 3, K B 5th.
White to play and give mate in three moves.

Problem No. 613.--Tourney No. 21.

"TRY."

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black compels suimate in eight moves.

Game No. 613.

We are able, by some recent arrivals of the *Era*, to treat our readers to two more of Paulsen's blindfold *parties* at the last year's Cologne Congress.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

Attack. L. Paulsen.	Defence. Herr Venn.	Attack. L. Paulsen.	Defence. Herr Venn.
1..P to K 4	P to Q B 4	14..Q B to R 4	P to K Kt 4
2..K Kt-B 3	P-K 3	15..B-K Kt 3 (b)	P-Q Kt 4
3..Q Kt-B 3	P-Q R 3	16..Q-K B 5	Q R-his 2
4..P-Q 4	P-Q 4	17..K Kt-K 5	K B × Kt
5..K P × P	K Kt-B 3 (a)	18..Q B × B	Q Kt-Q 2
6..Q 2d P × P	Q B × P	19..P-K B 4	Q Kt × B
7..Q B-K 3	K Kt-his 5	20..B P × Kt (c)	K Kt-R 2
8..P-Q 5	Q B-B 4	21..P-Q 6	Q-her 2
9..K B-Q 3	Q B × B	22..Q-K B 2	Q-K 3
10..Q × Q B	K B-Q 3	23..Q Kt-Q 5	Q-K Kt 5
11..Castles, Q R	K Kt-B 3	24..Q × B P	Q R-Q 2
12..K R-K sq	Castles	25..Kt-Kt 6, and the Defence resigned.	
13..Q B-Kt 5	P-K R 3		

(a) If the Defence played thus oddly from want of knowing better, he was not well chosen as a competitor against so great a master of the openings as Mr. Paulsen; and if he played thus from design, he was equally ill chosen, for such small tactics prove that he did not understand his adversary.

(b) It is, perhaps, worth observing that Mr. Paulsen could not advantageously give up a piece for the two Pawns, owing to the position of the adverse Bishop, which threatens a very effective (ch) at K B 5, the moment Kt × Kt P.

(c) Note the accuracy of all this! bearing in mind always that Mr. P. was conducting nine other games at the same time, and all without Chessboard and men.

A recent skirmish in the Westminster Chess Club.

KING'S KT'S DEFENCE.

Mr. Boden.	M. Belaieff.	Mr. Boden.	M. Belaieff.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	8..Castles	K Kt × Kt
2..K B-B 4	K Kt-B 3	9..Q B × Kt	Q P × P (e)
3..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 4	10..Q-her 4 (f)	P × Kt (Q)
4..K P × P	P-K 5	11..Q R × 2d Q	Q-her B 4
5..K Kt-K 5	Q-K 2 (d)	12..Q-K 4	K-Q sq
6..P-Q 4	P × P *en pass*	13..Q R-B sq	P-K B 3 (g)
7..Q B-B 4	K Kt-his 5	14..K B-Kt 5	Q × Q R (h),

and Mr. Boden gives mate in two moves.

(d) Ingenious; but, perhaps, not sound.
(e) Now wins his piece, but at the expense of being under a very menacing attack.
(f) Far the strongest move, apparently.
(g) Intending to hold three pieces for his Queen.
(h) If 14..Q × K B, he is clearly mated in two moves.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

H. BARTLETT, New York.—Our reason for publishing so great a number of "Brooklyn" games is simply that this game affords more original play.

Solution of Position No. 77.--Vol. XV.

BY THE ED. D. D.

White	Black.	White.	Black.
1..29 to 25	21 to 30	2..15 to 19	30 to 16

White wins.

Solution of Position No. 78.--Vol. XV.

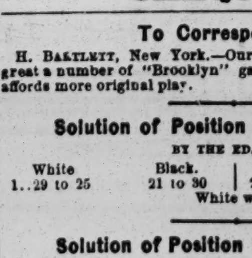
BY ANDREW ANDERSON.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..23 to 27	9 to 6	8..26 to 31	1 to 5
2..27 31	6 2	9..31 26	5 1
3..15 19	5 1	10..26 23	1 6
4..18 15	1 6	11..23 18	6 1
5..31 27	6 1	12..27 23	1 6
6..19 23	1 6	13..23 19, and wins.	
7..23 26	6 1		

Position No. 79, Vol. XV. Position No. 80, Vol. XV.

BY H. BARTLETT.

BLACK.

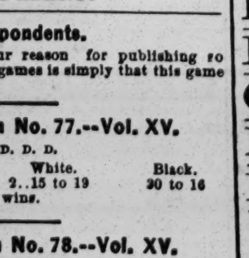


WHITE.

White to move and win.

BY A. ANDERSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Game No. 40.---Vol. XV.

THE BROOKLYN.

Black. Uncle Ned.	White. Mr. L.	Black. Uncle Ned.	White. Mr. L.
1..10 to 14	23 to 19	10..10 to 15	25 to 22
2..6 10	27 23	11..9 14	27 23 (b)
3..1 6	32 27	12..14 18	23 14
4..11 15	24 20	13..7 10	14 7
5..15 24	28 19	14..2 20	26 23
6..8 11	19 16	15..19 26	30 23
7..12 19	23 16	16..4 8	31 27
8..14 18 (a)	22 8	17..8 12	29 25
9..3 19	20 16	Drawn.	

(a) Sound, but not strategic. (b) Hoping that Black will push for the King row.

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Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, February 24, 1868.

MENAGERIES, or exhibitions of wild and untameable rovers of the forest, are at all times, and everywhere, objects of interest and curiosity to not only the hewers of wood and drawers of water in the rural districts, but to the inhabitants of large cities as well. Van Amburgh gained such control over the animal kingdom that ferocious lions, Bengal tigers, devastating hyenas and other destructive characters acknowledged his supremacy, and succumbed to the great power of the world renowned lion-tamer, who always kept his animals well in hand, and never endangered the public safety by permitting any of his charges to get loose and make charges upon defenceless and affrighted people; he risked his own life in the subjugation of the animal kingdom, yet he always took care that his patrons and the people at large should be free from all peril. But the brave Van Amburgh is no more. Though able to subdue the king of the forest, he was unable to make a stand against Old King Death, and in his taking off the public have lost a devoted servant, and a courageous protector. To be sure there are others who claim to have caught his mantle as it was wafted on "the wings of mighty winds," but that they are worthy to take his place in public esteem, we are not prepared to assert, for already we hear terrible stories of wild beasts escaping from menageries, and ruthlessly roaming about through civilized communities, to the fear and peril of peaceful and industrious citizens. It was only a few days ago that we had our fears verified by some startling stories from Washington, D. C., where, it was said, two dangerous lions, escaped from the custody of some careless keeper, had appeared, and forced their way into the very lobbies of Congress. It created dreadful consternation in the Senate, when, in the midst of the peaceful discussions of that body concerning the public good, Senator Sumner—usually calm and self-possessed—arose from his seat in an excited manner, and appalled all in the chamber by declaring, in a voice tremulous with emotion, that he heard "a lion in the lobby roar;" and so earnest was he in his desire for the safety of his confreres and himself, and to protect the Senate from the assaults of the terrible adversary, that he feelingly appealed to the Speaker for permission to "shut the door," and thus prevent the admission of this wild beast. Yet, be it understood, that the Senator—in his calmer moments, though with the lion's roar still ringing in his ear—did not altogether fear to face the danger, feeling satisfied that a full Senate was a match for any lion in the land or lobby; we are borne out in our estimation of the Senator's valor by the remark he subsequently made, and *before* he had obtained the decision of the Speaker on the question of shutting the door, showing the great danger attending delays occasioned by objections and red tape business; recovering himself, after the first surprise, the noble Senator exhibited a more bold and defiant front, and in a soul-stirring voice he cried out: "Or shall we let him in, and see if we can get him out again?" willing to place his confreres in the breach, and beard the roaring lion in his den. Seeing the determined stand made by the noble Senators, and fully aware of the struggle it would create to pass anything in the Senate, the lion made no farther advances, much to the delight of the infuriated body. Now, it is asserted by a number of well-informed and generally reliable logicians that this same beast, *after* being chased out of the Senate, made his way to the weaker body, and appeared in the lobby of the House of Representatives as if bent on satiating his greed for blood by attacking the people's representatives, there assembled; but *others* contend that there were two lions in Congress that day, and that this one so distinctly heard by Senator Sumner was got the same heard in the House, for, according to a well-digested time table (which we have taken the pains to procure) of these strange events, we find that at the *very moment* Mr. Sumner disconcerted the Senate by the unwelcome intelligence that he heard a lion in the lobby roar, Mr. Dawes brought the House to grief by suddenly asserting that *he* distinctly heard a lion roar in the lobby of the House. How, then, could it have been the *one* animal that was heard in *both* lobbies? We maintain that there must have been a general breaking up of some uncontrolled menagerie, and that two escaped lions made their way, by the scent of blood, which, we are sorry to say, our opposing Senators and Congressmen are constantly prating of and thirsting for—to the capitol at Washington. We are borne out in this view of the case by Senator Sumner himself, who, in an examination subsequently suggested by a member of the Judiciary Committee, intimated, in answer to a question propounded, that there might have been two lions in the Senate intruder, for being fearful of the progress than the Senate intruder, for being fearful of the rough usage which every new comer meets with in that body, he morosely stalked out of the place, grimly shaking his terrible, bushy tail at the people's representatives as he left. In conversation with Mr. Frost, Mr. Forepaugh, and other menagerie keepers, those gentlemen pronounce the whole thing a fabrication and an attempted swindle upon the public credulity; they assert that, in the first place, no well-posted lion would go to Washington, that no supposted one would ever make a second effort, and cite the case of the literary lion Dickens, who got out of the place as soon as possible. These gentlemen also assure us that no lions have recently escaped from their custody, but this statement is to be taken *cum grano salis*, as they are interested parties, and might so put the case in order to disabuse the public mind of the idea that menageries are dange ous exhibitions. However, we say as we said in the beginning of this article, that while Van Amburgh lived no escaped lions were ever known to roar in the lobbies of Congress. So great has been the fear and excitement caused by the strange incident, that one of our most learned poets has just composed the following poem in honor of the defiant attitude of Congress in the face of danger from a foreign foe:—

ORIGINAL POEM:

SUGGESTED BY A RECENT ALLEGED OCCURRENCE IN WASHINGTON.
Written and Composed by "Our Jim."

I hear a lion in the lobby roar;
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall I shut the door?
Or shall I open it, and let him in,
And see if we can get him out again?
THE END.

.....Olive Logan's "Stage Struck" reading reminds us of a little incident that recently took place in this city, in which a "stricken youth" and various professionals were the *dramatis personæ*. In every city where theatres have an abiding place, managers are incessantly button-holed and bored by young men who desire to "come out" to make their debut on the public boards, and soon to in admiring world a resurrected, disembodied and reconstructed Garrick, Cooke, Burton, or some other brilliant light of other days." Many of these aspirants for dramatic honors have good business prospects as well as relatives comfortable if not in affluent circumstances. With managers of legitimate theatres but little attention is paid to the appeals of the stricken youth, but when an unlucky wight—whose ambition leads him to the minstrel boards—seeks to become a burnt cork, in many instances he is made the butt of the profession and all manner of tricks are played upon him. When a chance of this kind offers, a number of minstrels proceed to initiate the novice in the mysteries of a showman's life; he is told that it is necessary for him to go through certain forms and feats before he can be duly elected as an honorable member of an honored profession—that he must give a specimen of his abilities, etc.; he is ushered into the dressing room, where he is made to doff his genteel apparel and put on the most ridiculous costume to be found in the miscegenated wardrobe of a minstrel man; they not only black his face, but even his body and arms, the "boys" kindly informing him that not a vestige of "white trash" must be seen. His toilet completed, they conduct him to the stage, and there—in order to "try his powers of endurance," as they generously inform him—he is compelled to go on with his acts until he is completely exhausted; and all this before a crowd of sports who have been slyly admitted into the house to witness the initiation. After giving him a brief rest, or a semi-breve rest, as a fiddler might express it, he is started again on his "arduous duties," and when the spectators have enjoyed the fun long enough, a number of "friends," who have been waiting the signal in their perch just over the stage, suddenly shower down upon and around the "performer" all the old props to be found in the building, including bags of broken crockery and "missiles" too numerous to mention. The effect upon the stricken youth is forcible if not of a pleasant character, while the "appreciative audience" become convulsed with laughter at the comical figure presented by the novitiate. Having concluded the initiation, the boys leave their victim to wash, undress, and find his way out of the building the best way he can, while they repair to a neighboring "saml room and fruit store" to pass judgment upon the "new crop." It is needless to say that not two out of thirty aspirants ever think proper to come again after the taste they have had of the minstrel business as exemplified in their initation. Not long ago a young man, of good personal address and respectable connections, who had—by the glare of the footlights, the applause of the audience, and the apparent sociability of the performers upon the stage—become ambitious of strutting *his* brief hour, made application to a certain minstrel manager on Broadway for a chance to appear. Desirous of giving the young fellow a better insight into a showman's life than he had yet had, and thus dissuade him from the rash step he was about to take, the manager informed him that before he could enter the profession there were certain conditions to be fulfilled, and that it would be also necessary for him to exercise with the "Grip Sack." The "stage struck" youth was ready for each and every emergency, so anxious was he to "join the happy throng." He was therefore directed to a place of amusement a considerable distance higher up Broadway, where he would get a "Grip Sack," and return with it to the hall; it would be heavy, but that was actually necessary, as it afforded a good test of a novitiate's "powers of endurance." The embryo minstrel reached the up-town place, where he applied to the treasurer—who happened to be in the box office—for the "Grip Sack." Scenting in the applicant a "candidate for initiation," the fun-loving "indefatigable" sent for the stage carpenter, and directed him to give the "Grip Sack" to the young man. Wishing to have a hand in the fun, the carpenter filled a large bag with bricks, and on its side painted the mysterious words—"Grip Sack;" this the novice shouldered after much difficulty, and with it began to plod his weary way "to the place from whence he came"—about ten blocks down the great thoroughfare. Although he started off in seemingly blithesome spirits, the heavy load soon began to tell upon his "powers of endurance," and perspiration oozed out of every pore of this young person who wanted to be a minstrel. The novelty of a genteelly dressed young man staggering under such a burden, and "Grip Sack" staring them boldly in the face, attracted quite a number of followers. Fearing that something would interfere to put a stop to the sport, or that the victim might "see the joke," the treasurer—who with others had been close observers of the movements of the "Grip Sack" pedestrian—informed him that he must go all the way back, as he had been given the wrong "Sack" in mistake, and that he must exchange it for one much smaller and lighter. Glad to be relieved of such a heavy burden, and of being compelled to perform with such a weighty "Sack" at his initiative, off started the "Grip Sacker" on his return trip, but he was so completely knocked up by the exertions he had made, that he was forced to take a rest at Houston street. As he passed by the Olympic Theatre, quite a number of the company, who were cunning themselves, set up a shout at the ludicrous appearance of the man with the "Sack," who, however, unconscious of the cause of their merriment, continued on his way, sorely bowed down by weight of bricks. By the time he reached his destination he was completely *fagged* out, and wilted. The *other* "Sack" was brought to him, but the unfortunate aspirant could not undertake the task, and mildly remarked that it might be *hauled down in a wagon!* Of course this was refused, and the young man went away in disgust. He is now attending to a legitimate commercial business, having been radically cured of his desire to be a minstrel.

Now all you young men and maidens,
Who would a staging go,
Beware that its many ups and downs
Don't prove your overthrow;
Think well of all impediments
That will meet you in the track,
And beware that your life is not cut short
While carr ing the "Grip Sack."

FRANK S. CHANFRAU is at the Broadway Theatre, commencing there this evening in his specialty of "Sam," supported by T. B. De Walden, and Chas. Parsloe, Jr., in their original characters.

DILIGENT search having been made for Bob Hart, the gay wanderer, he has been found and takes his place once more this evening among the Butler flock at the American Theatre. Fattie Stewart, who appeared last week in his very laughable act of "Pas De Zephyr," and in that abortion of a sketch called "The Bill Poster's Dream," continues his engagement. This week a minstrel scene will be given, also a variety of acts in which all the company will appear.

KATE REIGNOLDS commences an engagement at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre this evening, opening in Fulton and Maeder's dramatization of "Nobody's Daughter," which was so favorably received on its original representation at this same theatre. The sensational scene of a gambling saloon with a number of games on full play, will be one of its features. There are several other very cleverly arranged scenes in the play. John Mor imer will play the detective, his original *role*, and exclaim to the surprise of all, "Keno."

OLD TIMES have come again with the San Francisco Minstrels, business the past two weeks having picked up to what it was about a year ago. Of late business had been rather on the decline, as it has at nearly every place of amusement in the city. The production of the burlesque of "Under the Kerosene Lamp" has proved a great success, attracting crowded houses every night since its first. It is a capital burlesque, is well placed upon the stage, and the sensation scene in the original drama of the Railroad is capitally taken off, and the placing of Billy Birch on the track, and stopping the train by running fan tilt against him, is ludicrous in the "extreme," and sends the audience away convulsed with laughter.

THE HANLON BROTHERS' COMBINATION close their present engagement in this city at the Theatre Comique on the 29th inst. For the closing week, a programme including some of their best acts has been prepared. Mr. Buckingham, a late arrival from England, made his *debut* "on trial" at the Comique on the 21st inst. He sang a serio-comic song, which pleased so well that he was *encored*, when he gave the "Artful Dodger." This was *encored* and he sang another song. Mr. Buckingham came to this country from England a few weeks ago, under engagement to the other branch of the Hanlon Brothers—Thomas, Fred and Eddy—and after playing in Buffalo with them one or two nights, withdrew from the company. He is a very clever comic singer, and his style being different from all others we have seen, he at once pleases his audience, as was the case on his *debut* here. He appeared at so short a notice that his name was not on the bill, and consequently was received on his merits. His reception was quite enthusiastic, and he did remarkably well. He has a very smart boy, about ten years of age, who goes on and sings a comic song very neatly. He was *encored*, when he executed a clog dance very cleverly. They are attractive cards for any music hall.

THE JOCKEY CLUB RACES will be revived this evening at the New York Circus with Nat Austin in his laughable performance of Mr. Briggs. Pfau, the wonderful aerialist, will perform his startling feat of the flying trapeze. Business is improving at this establishment, and the *matinees* are largely attended.

MAGGIE MITCHELL is in the fourth week of her engagement at the Olympic Theatre, producing "The Pearl of Savoy" this evening. On Saturday afternoon a "Little Barefoot" *matinee* will be given, and we trust that the weather will moderate considerably or the attendance may be quite small, as it is a little too cold just now to go any where barefooted. Great preparations are being made for the production of a new pantomime, a feature in which will be a transformation and a skating tournament. In the latter scene Carrie Augusta Moore and one or two first class male skaters will appear, assisted by a large number of professional amateur "scatists." Sangalli and Betty Regan will lead the *ballet*.

OLIVE LOGAN gives three more readings at Dodworth Hall on the 24th, 25th and 26th inst.

MISS FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE commences a series of readings at Steinway Hall on March 2d.

THE PROPERTY now occupied by Barnum's Museum and Menagerie Company has been purchased by the company, and preparations will commence on May 1st to improve it. The property is seventy feet front by two hundred feet deep.

IN REFERENCE to a remark we recently made touching the lack of new negro acts and funny songs for the minstrel business, we are told that there are authors who can and would produce such novelties, were the remuneration adequate. Some writers inform us that after getting up negro sketches, all they could get for them was about six dollars each.

DICK SANDS and William Ashcroft, who do a good double clog, sail for San Francisco on the 25th inst., under engagement to W. H. Smith for his Alhambra.

MR. HENRY NICHOLLS, a renowned elocutionist and "entertainer," from England, makes his first appearance in New York at Dodworth Hall, on Friday evening next, the 28th, in one of his "Recitals from Memory of the Poets and Humorists." He has already achieved a remarkable success in Boston and the western cities we are told; the Boston *Post* saying that "nothing better has been heard in this class of entertainment for years;" while the Chicago *Tribune* declares that Dickens himself could scarcely give his own creation, 'Sam Weller's Valentine,' with better effect. It was surpassingly funny, and kept the house in a continuous roar."

CLIVE LOGAN, a lady who enjoys considerable reputation among the *literati* and is equally well known in the dramatic world as possessing considerable histrionic ability, being "native and to the manor born," made her *debut* at Dodworth Hall on the 19th inst., as a lecturess. Her subject was entitled "Stage Struck," and in a charming manner the lady depicted the trials, troubles, *debut* and failure of our aristocratic young men who have become stage struck. Her next subject was that of a poor young girl who had been forced upon the stage to support herself and mother. It was the story of a young girl gifted with every accomplishment, none of which, however, would obtain for her an honorable living. She commenced in a subordinate position and in a very short time rose to distinction and became popular. Miss Logan worked the story up in her own happy style and was loudly applauded throughout. After presenting the two extremes of "Stage Struck," she treated her audience to some very sensible remarks and thanked them for their attendance and the kind manner in which she had been received. Among human gifts or accomplishments a power of persistent attention to any purely intellectual matter is one of the rarest. Some flattery of the senses is almost always needed to procure close and sustained interest in any affair or proceeding. Yet for one hour and a half Miss Logan kept her audience so fixed that a pin could be heard drop except when the applause was given. Those who knew Miss Logan by report only were anxious to judge for themselves of her merits; those who remembered the singular beauty of many of her impersonations as well as her writings, were hopeful to renew past pleasures. The result in the present instance is a success complete and indubitable.

LOTTA concluded a brilliant four weeks' engagement at the Broadway Theatre, on the 22d inst. So far it has proved the most successful one of any star that has appeared at this establishment since George Wood relinquished the management. Some of the brightest stars in the dramatic firmament have, during the past two seasons fulfilled engagements here, but all except Lotta have met with poor encouragement. Even Forrest played to some poor houses and Mrs. Bowers, who is one of the finest actresses on the American stage, could not bring the people, and she played on several occasions to very bad business. The theatre is located too far down Broadway, and it takes the strongest kind of attraction to meet with encouragement. Under these circumstances it must be gratifying to Lotta to have met with such success.

THOMAS MAGUIRE, the California manager, at present in this city, has secured the Meniken, also Julia Matthews, a popular English actress.

THE BURLESQUE OF THE "DUCH S," which has attracted overflowing houses to Kelly and Leon's Minstrels every night since its first production, continues on the bills for the present week. Taken on the whole, it is one of the best burlesques we have ever seen in a minstrel hall, and the excellent manner in which it has been placed upon the stage and performed throughout fully entitles it to all the en ouragement it is meeting with.

DEATH OF MARY GANNON.—This once popular actress died in this city, at her residence, 13th East Twenty-seventh street, on Feb. 22d, after a long and painful illness. She was of Irish birth and her father was well known as advance agent for a circus company. She was born Oct 8, 1829, and made her first appearance on the stage when only three years of age, at the old Richmond Hill Theatre, corner of Varick and Charlton streets, this city, in "The Daughter of the Regiment." On May 18th, 1835, appeared at the old Bowery Theatre, on the occasion of the benefit of one of the company. Blakely, Jackson, Woodhull, Gates, Miss Nelson, Waring, Cushman and others were in the company. She made so favorable an impression that she was shortly after engaged and enrolled as a regular member of the company. During Mr. Wallack's management of the National Theatre, corner of Leonard and Church streets, in 1837, she was engaged at that house. Made her *debut* in Philadelphia, Jan. 18th, 1838, at the Walnut Street Theatre, as Lady Flannap, in Garrick's farce of "Lilliput." Miss Gannon was then known as the "Lilliputian Wonder." The following year she made her bow at the Park Theatre. In 1841 she played an engagement at the American (afterwards Barnum's) Museum, appearing in six characters and executing a dance from 'La Bayadere" in the vaudeville of "The Actress of All Work." She was then carded as "La petite Elssler." Re-appeared in Philadelphia, March 10, 1846, at Masonic Hall, as Fairy of the Lake, in "Kate Kearney. When the season of 1848 commenced at the Olympic Theatre under James Mitchell, Miss Gannon was in the company. Here she remained for some time quite a favorite with her audiences. When James Wallack commenced his fourth season at what was formerly known as Brougham's Lyceum—now Broadway Theatre—Mary Gannon joined the company and was an acknowledged favorite of the Wallackian audiences. On the 21st of Sept., 1857, she again appeared in Philadelphia at the Walnut Street Theatre, as Katryn in "Captain of the Watch." On the opening night of Wallack's new theatre—Sept. 25, 1861—Miss Gannon was in the company, and continued at that establishment up to her death. While engaged at the Olympic she was married to Geo. Stevenson, a lawyer, who died in 1854. On the opening night of "Ours," some four weeks since, at Wallack's Theatre, she appeared in her original part of Mary Netley. She could scarcely support herself through the effort, and the curtain fell on that evening on her last appearance. The natural characteristics of her style made her universally popular. Whenever she acted everything went off well, for not only did she inspire others by her extraordinary ability, but she knew the old standard comedies so thoroughly as to be able to prompt any one on the stage who might need a momentary assistance. She was an invaluable actress to any company, for she gave confidence to the actors and unlimited pleasure to the auditors. She seldom resorted to gagging, but spoke what was set down for her, avoiding all inuendos or double *entendre*. She had one of the finest voices we have heard, and her enunciation was clear, distinct, and always correct, which, combined with her thorough knowledge of stage business, ensured her success in her profession. Her funeral is to take place on Feb. 25th.

EVER ON THE ALERT to produce novelty, Tony Pastor brings out this week, at his popular establishment, a musical burlesque entitled the "Wite Fawn"—without an h. All the company, including Tony Pastor, Riggs, G. W. Thompson and McDonald, will be in the cast. It is one of John Poole's emanations, and will, therefore, be good, as have been all of his burlesques.

F. P. KENDALL, the well known and efficient advance agent, who has been in the city the past three weeks making arrangements for the coming tenting season, returned to the Eastern country on the 22d inst. Mr. Kendall goes out this season as contracting agent for one of the largest and best equipped circuses and menageries in the country.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE COMPANY, Boston, including the names of Maffitt, Bartholomew and others of note, commence a season at the Theatre Comique, in this city, on March 2d.

BEN COTTON will return to California in the spring.

THE HANLON BROTHERS—George, William and Alfred—will revisit Europe this summer.

MESSRS. LOWELL AND SIMMONDS are among the most enterprising dramatic agents in the business. The facilities they possess for securing artists for managers are unequalled, and they are kept very busy all the time. Only a few weeks since Mr. Bates, of the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, came here to secure talent, but by placing his business in the hands of this firm he was enabled to return three weeks sooner than he expected. Mr. W. H. Smith arrived here about three weeks ago, and by letting this firm attend to his business has already finished all his business and is prepared to sail for the Pacific Slope. In another column will be found a number of advertisements from this firm.

THE LUBIN BROTHERS, magical apparatus manufacturers, are located at 539 Broadway, N. Y. See advertisement.

A DRAMATIC COLLEGE has been opened at No. 139 Bowery, N. Y., by Messrs. Thompson and Riggs. See advertisement.

MESSRS. RIVERS & Co., dramatic agents, of this city, whose headquarters are at 13 West Houston street, near Broadway, have a number of advertisements in this issue, interesting to the theatrical profession. They state that they have lately made arrangements for receiving all the new plays as quick as they appear in England, and are prepared to furnish managers with all such at a reasonable price. They advertise this week a serio-comic drama by H. J. Byron, called "Dearer than Life," which is now playing in Liverpool with success; also the drama of the "Great City," by Halliday, 'How She Loves Him," Boucicault's successful four act comedy, besides a host of others. For further particulars, see advertisement in another column.

LUCILLE WESTERN terminated her engagement at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, on Feb. 22d. Our correspondent, "Nonpariel," says:—"It was a successful one, a fact that gives me pleasure in recording, as the lady deserves it for the very able manner in which she rendered the different characters essayed by her during her two weeks' engagement. During the past week the lady appeared in some of her best parts, such as Leah, Miami, Nancy Spikes, and Cynthia in 'Flowers of the Forrest.' She was well supported by the following members of the stock: E. M. Day as Capt Hugh Lavrock; Harry A. Ellis as Alfred, R. Stephens as Cheap John, Sid. Smith as Lemuel, G. Robinson as Legbourne; Hattie McIrving as Abigail, and J. E. Irving as the Kinchen. The Ishmael of R. S. Meldrum was the best acted part of any the gentleman undertook during his engagement. On Feb. 24th Edwin Booth commences a six nights' engagement, and will appear during his stay in 'Hamlet,' 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Richelieu,' 'Macbeth,' 'Romeo' and 'Richard III'.....J. W. Hill is confined to his room by a very painful illness."

BIDWELL AND LOCKE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened in Woonsocket, R. I., on Feb. 17th, in "Nobody's Daughter," to a fair house, and business continued good through the week. Charlie Wilkinson, a favorite, both as a comedian and a manager in days gone by, has been cordially received. Dollie Bidwell and Yankee Locke are also favorites with the Woonsocket people. They will remain there this week, and open at the Academy of Music, Providence, March 2d, for one week. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, of this company, have met with a sad loss in the death of their infant son, which occured Feb. 21st. He was a bright little boy, one year old, and the pet of the company.

EMMA MADDERN, who made such a favorable impression at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, the past week, in "Fanchon," and Charles Gayler's new play called "The Mountain Bell," continues there this week, appearing as "Little Barefoot" and "The Pearl of Savoy." She is highly spoken of by those who have seen her as possessing considerable dramatic ability.

MOLLIE WILLIAMS and Felix Vincent are at the Opera House, Williamsburgh, L. I., this week, opening in 'Ioshavogue" and "Jenny Lind" on the 24th inst.

ALICE KINGSBURY commences an engagement at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, on March 2d. During her engagement she will play Chandos Fulton's play of "Jenny Wren, the Doll's Dress Maker."

THE "BLACK CROOK," with J. E. McDonough's *ballet* troupe was produced at the New Memphis Theatre on Feb. 12th, to a full and fashionable house, and was repeated on the 13th and 14th to very large houses. On the 15th the business fell off in consequence of it being the opening night of John Robinson's Circus.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN'S COMPANY appeared in Newport, R. I., on Feb. 17th, in "Richelieu," to a fair house.

THE OPERA HOUSE at Norfolk, Va., has closed and those of the company who had trunks to leave behind did so and left the city in disgust.

AT THE MOBILE (ALA.) THEATRE Joseph Jefferson has closed the most successful engagement of the season, the house being crowded nightly. During the week ending Feb. 15th he presented "Rip Van Winkle," "Mazeppa," "Lone Me Six Shillings" and the "Heir at Law." The salaries of the stock have been cut down one-fourth, with a promise to run the season to June 1st. So says our correspondent.

"THERE IS A CHANGE in the things that were" in Philadelphia theatricals, new programmes being offered during the current week at the various establishments in that city....."Under the Gaslight," which has proved to be one of the greatest successes of the season at the Arch Street Theatre, was withdrawn on the 22d in consequence of the engagement of Lotta. With the stock company only, "Under the Gaslight" has done much better than many of the stars that have appeared at other theatres, and the author of the play and the manager of the theatre have reason to be proud of the success achieved. That popular young actress, Lotta, who is now one of the most profitable and attractive stars on the stage, was to have initiated her engagement at the Arch on Monday evening, 24th inst., in "Little Nell and the Marchioness," dramatised expressly for her by John Brougham from Dickens' 'Old Curiosity Shop" Lotta has just completed an engagement in New York, where she is quite a favorite. Let our Philadelphia friends give a warm welcome to the charming Lotta and "Little Nell."....."The 'Flying Scud" had a run of two weeks at the Chestnut Street Theatre, to moderate business. It did not hit the popular taste, and we question if it repaid Manager Sion for the trouble and expense incurred in putting it on the stage. Bateman's French Dramatic Company occupy the Chestnut during the current week, but it is not at all likely that they will do a paying business. ..... Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams' term at the Walnut expired on February 22d. They are succeeded this week by Mr. J. W. Wallack. Mr. E. L. Davenport, we believe, was also to have appeared, but indisposition or something prevents it. Mr. Wallack opens as Fagin, the Jew, in "Oliver Twist," supported by Mr. F. Mordaunt as Bill Sykes, the part usually played by Mr. Davenport.....The 'Duchess of Gerolstein' was wound up at the Academy of Music on the 22d. In the two weeks it has been performed in that city, three Duchesses exhibited themselves, "owing to the serious indisposition," etc., prevalent in the troupe. The present week will be a blank in operatics at the Academy, but on Monday next, March 2d, LaGrange and Brignoli's Italian party commence a second term.....The three dwarfs, Jean Piccolo, Jean Petit, and Kis Jozsi, have been playing a number of their funny little pieces at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, but in a pecuniary point they have not met with success. They are clever little performers, with shrill, childish voices, and by their quaint actions convulse their audiences with German laughter. They are to try another locality this week, having secured the New Philadelphia Opera House, on Seventh street, below Arch. "They may be happy yet," but we do not believe they will meet with very liberal support in the Quaker City, where hard times have come again once more, and where "ups and downs" are very scarce at the present moment. The movement toward the erection of a German theatre is beginning to assume a substantial form, and before long it is thought that a location and plans will be decided upon, and the work pushed forward without delay.....*Matinees* were given at all the theatres on the 22d, the Walnut even opening its doors on Saturday afternoon last.....On March 2d, Brougham's "Dead Shot Fruit" is to be offered at the Chestnut.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" was produced at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., on Feb. 17th, and has proved the greatest success of the season, the theatre being crowded nightly. Our correspondent "Theo" says:—"Jennie Kimball has made a hit in the character of Oberon, while Mrs. James Dickson, as Puck, is the type of vivacity. The Helena of Mrs. Fred Meek, and Hermia, by Jennie Wilton, were placed in good hands. J. L. Gossin, in the *role* of Lysander, is especially good. Ben. G. Rogers as Bottom, C. T. Smith as Quince, and W. M. Ward as Flute, were well in their respective *roles*. W. T. Dulaney has been enraged, and appeared as Theseus. The scenery is excellent, while the transformation scene, as scene after scene is displayed, and one change gives place to another more beautiful than the preceding one, with a bevy of ladies of the *ballet*, fairly dazzles the eye, draws round after round of applause from a delighted audience. Rita Sangalli has again appeared amongst us, and still remains the favorite of favorites; her dancing is the finest witnessed in our city for a long time, and the style in which she accomplishes the most difficult *poses* draws the applause from every hand. Oscar D. Kress, the piccolo soloist, remains with us some time longer; he is *en cored* three or four times each evening."

WM. F. SINN, of the New Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, introduced Mrs. D. P. Bowers to the citizens of New Haven, Conn., at Music Hall, Feb. 25th, in "Dora" and "A Day After the Wedding."

THE "BLACK CROOK" ceased at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 22d, and the "Japs" take possession this week.

ALBERT A. WYATT AND MISS EMMA PEARL commenced a week's engagement at the Louisville Theatre on the 17th. Our correspondent "Agate" says:—"Miss Pearl is a new aspirant, and like many others is a failure. She has appeared once or twice in Cincinnati at Wood's Theatre in minor speaking parts before assuming the title of 'star.' She has chosen the line of characters played by Maggie Mitchell, and has failed in giving either an original rendition or a passable imitation of them. Mr. Wyatt is a clever 'walking gent,' and has made some reputation as an author, but if he enjoys the abilities of a 'star,' the public have been very neglient in finding it out. Edwin Forrest succeeds them on the 24th, but the stock company being minus a first old man, old woman and juvenile man, no one can not be expected in the casting of his pieces. H. S. Hubbard, late juvenile man of this company, has retired from the profession, and is enacting the *role* of book keeper for a large firm in this city. On the occasion of Mr. Langdon's benefit on the 14th, he volunteered to play Richmond to Mr. Langdon's Richard, which he rendered very well. It was his last appearance."

DAVIS & Co., the Cincinnati dramatic agents, continue to engage people for managers and *vice versa*, as well as doing other business for the profession generally. For information concerning this firm, see their several advertisements in this week's CLIPPER.

OUR PACIFIC SLOPE ITEMS in the show world are up to Feb. 3d, under which date our correspondent writes as follows:—"During the week just closed business theatrically has been excellent. C. W. Couldock and daughter, who arrived *via* Salt Lake, has been playing at Maguire's Opera House. They have produced during the week 'The Willow Copse,' 'Louis XI' and the 'Chimney Corner,' in all of which they have achieved a marked success. This week they produce 'Self.' Since the stage management has been in the hands of Harry Jackson, the pieces at this house have been admirably placed upon the stage.....The Metropolitan Theatre has been running the 'Lottery of Life' to large houses for the past two weeks. The present week will be the last of C. Wheatleigh at this house.....The Temple of Music has been doing well of late. On Feb. 3d the burlesque of 'L'Africane' will be re-produced.....The old established Olympic is doing finely, the attraction being a burlesque on 'Under the Gaslight,' Master O'Brien, for one of his age, is the best personator of song and dance that has ever been seen here.....Wm. Stevenson, for many years treasurer of Maguire's Opera House, was presented lately with a beautiful watch and appendages. In the seal, richly set, are portraits of his wife and child.....The Webb sisters' engagement was brought to a sudden termination in the middle of the fifth week by the severe indisposition of Miss Ada, who has been suffering from incipient diptheria, but I am happy to say that at this writing she is much better..... ....At the German Theatre Mme. Gance's benefit on Friday last was a success, the house being crowded to overflowing.....L. P. Barrett has just arrived in this city. He will shortly appear at the Opera House. The opening bill will be 'Hamlet,' supported by John McCollough, Beatty, Harry Brown, Anderson, Barry, Harry Jackson, Sophie Edwin, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Judah and Miss Tracy..... Emelie Melville, accompanied by her mother and Harry Wall, arrived by the steamer which reached this port to-day..... The Metropolitan Theatre, Sacramento, will re-open on the 5th inst., with T. Magnire as proprietor, and Sheridan Corbyn, manager. The company consists of Mrs. Harry Jackson, Fanny Young, Olivia Rand, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Sinclair, P. Thayer, H. Sinclair, G. W. Daniels, A. Saxon, Willie Edouin, L. Fuller and M. English. The Webb Sisters will be the first stars, to be followed by Charles Wheatleigh..... Maguire's Theatre, Marysville, will be re-opened in a few days. C. W. Couldock will be the first star. .....The theatres in Nevada and Grass Valley, under Maguire's management, will shortly re-open.....Willie Edouin's benefit on Jan. 30th, at Maguire's Metropolitan Theatre, Sacramento, was a success..... Yankee Plummer is entertaining the citizens of the sage Brush country.....James Stark, the tragedian, arrived here on Jan. 30th, *via* Salt Lake.....Sue Robinson Getz ler is playing in Virginia City.....Amy Stone and the Chapman Family are in Grass Valley, doing Fanchon..... Bert, of the Olympic, announces that Harry Corbyn is now on his way from England with attractions for this favorite resort."

STETSON AND FEXTON'S DRAMATIC COMPANY closed in Corning, N. Y., on the 22d inst., and are at present in Canandaigua.

LEO HUDSON was at Ypsilanti, Mich., last week, playing "Mazeppa," supported by J. N. Murray, Geo. Ecker, J. L. Sanford, Leonidas Dauphin, Nellie Sanford, Eleanor Mowbray and Jennie Richardson.

MARIETTA FAVEL is said to be improving in health every day, and was able to walk about the room the past week.

MADAM SCHILLER has received another invitation to visit Salt Lake city. The negotiations have assumed a definite shape. Her engagement is for several months, to commence on April 12th.

MR. E. L. DAVENPORT, who goes to California in May, will be accompanied by his wife, now a member of the Boston Museum company.

"THE SEA OF ICE" was performed on the 6th inst. at the Salt Lake Theatre, with J. S. Lindsay as Lascours, D. McKenzie as Carlos, P. Margetts as Barabas, Miss Adams as Louise, and Georgie Clawson as Marie.

THE REMAINS of W. H. Riley reached Indianapolis, Ind., on the 19th inst., accompanied by Mrs. Riley. The funeral took place on the 20th inst., in that city, with Masonic honors.

MARIETTA DOUGLAS, a young aspirant for dramatic honors, publishes a card in this week's CLIPPER, in which she expresses her wish to become a pupil or *protege* of a competent and gentlemanly manager. As the lady claims to be prepossessing in appearance, and talented withal, managers having a vacancy will do well to respond to the card speedily. A postscript is added directed to John Brougham.

"ANDERSON'S GREAT WESTERN DRAMATIC TROUPE," composed, as their announcement says, of "Genuine Colored People," appeared in Bellefontaine, Pa., on the 15th inst., to a good house.

SELDEN IRWIN will

amusement in public favor, but when an establishment is situate in a locality never before devoted to public amusements, the task is ten times more difficult.

"WORRELL AND LEATHEM'S MINSTRELS" were announced to give an entertainment at Washington Hall, Philadelphia, on the 4th Feb., in aid of the Ladies' Benevolent Association.

SHARPLEY AND COTTON'S MINSTRELS open at the Theatre Comique, Boston, for a brief season, on March 4th.

TUNISON'S MINSTRELS, from Philadelphia, appear in Baltimore, Md., on the 25th inst.

LEAVITT & CO.'s MINSTREL AGENCY is one of the establishments in connection with the show business, as will be seen by their advertisement elsewhere.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS are doing a good business in Cincinnati. They brought out the past week a new burlesque entitled "The Ten Little Indians." A. J. Talbott put in an appearance on the 17th inst.

THE MORRIS BROTHERS' MINSTRELS, in Boston, have in rehearsal a burlesque called "The Black Fawn." The Goldie Brothers, who have been favorably received, continue at this establishment.

FRANK B. CONVERSE is about to publish a new banjo book, to consist of his entire private publication. For additional particulars see his advertisement in this week's CLIPPER.

THE PAST WEEK is said to have been a most prosperous one for Fred Wilson's Minstrels, in St. Louis, his temple of minstrelsy being crowded nightly by large and fashionable audiences, to listen to the comicalities of Johnny Allen and Cal. Wagner, and enjoy a hearty laugh at J. K. Emmit's Dutch burlesques on Billy Emerson's songs and dances. Dempster and Norman are great favorites, and Gustave Bideaux is one of the best bar-iones in the business. The singing of Will S. Hays' new ballad, entitled "Kiss Me Good-Bye, Darling," was sung with much feeling. Kemble is pronounced one of the best and most original interlocutors in the country. Bamford possesses a wonderful soprano voice and sings with much feeling and taste. The burlesque skating rink continues the great attraction. Lew Brimmer has left the company.

Circuses.

THE PHILADELPHIA CIRCUS is opened spasmodically, regular performances not paying. Old Dan Gardner is up for a benefit on the 29th Feb., on which occasion the following performers are announced to appear:—Frank Whittaker, Sam Long, Charles Parker, Bobby Williams, Charles Kenyon, H. Wambold, Eddie Gardner, Arabian Brothers, Frank Brower, Sam S. Sanford, Lew Simmons, George Derious, George Wambold, James Campbell, Charles Whitney, King Brothers, William Morgan and Mlle Ella Gardner. This is also announced as the last performance to be given in that establishment.

JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE arrived in Memphis, on the steamer Cossa, on Feb. 14th. The first performance was on the afternoon of the 15th, to a large audience, and in the evening the tent was filled to overflowing. The concern was to remain there the following week, and goes thence to Hickman, Columbus and Cairo, and to Cincinnati, if the ice will permit.

P. H. SEAMON, clown and side showman, wishes an engagement for the forthcoming season. For address see advertisement.

LAKE'S CIRCUS showed at Bryan City, Texas, on Feb. 1st, and was to go thence to Huntsville, Ala., on the 6th, and then turn northward.

DAN CASTELLO'S Circus and Menagerie showed in Norfolk, Va., on the 17th and 18th inst., to large audiences. The company closed the season on the 22d, and most of the company are in this city.

CHARLEY FULLER, business representative of Lent's Circus, was in New Haven, Conn., Feb. 22d, prospecting for the spring campaign.

CIRCUS MANAGERS will discover by reading the advertisements in the CLIPPER that the Holland Family, acrobats, etc., and George Madden, clown and African fuuny fellow, may be engaged for the forthcoming season.

SHOW PROPERTY of various kinds is advertised for sale in another column by Yankee Robinson.

C. M. WALDRUM, musician, advertises in this week's CLIPPER for engagement with a circus.

Music Halls.

FRANK LUM opened at Robotham's Concert Hall, Newark, N. J., on the 22d inst., for a short season. Frank is a native of that city.

J. H. WILSON has leased Wagner's Hall, Oshkosh, Wis., and intended opening it on Feb. 22d as a Varieties, with J. H. Wilson manager and Tom Coleman stage manager. Among the company already engaged are Mr. Hall, Frank Carleton, Master Charley, the Hager Brothers, J. Jones, Julia Drew, Alice Dunlap, and several others.

BLAISDELL'S THEATRE COMIQUE, Sacramento, boasts of a minstrel galaxy of twenty-five performers, male and female.

THE CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL, Washington, D. C., is becoming a fixed institution in that city, and John Mulligan, the manager, is meeting with well-deserved success. Josh Hart, who associated himself with Mr. Mulligan at the opening, has withdrawn from the firm in order to prepare a variety company for the ensuing tenting season, he having decided to manage a variety show that is intended to be connected with a leading circus. A number of new additions have lately been made to the Canterbury company, and now, with an exception or two, all work together nicely. Our correspondent "Novice" says:—"Messrs. Mulligan and Reese do a new act called 'Daddy, Come Home,' and it is really the best sketch I have seen in a long time. Mulligan is an excellent performer, being funny and original. Jennie Benson is a useful member of the company, being quite at home in a clog or jig dance, or a comic song. She is a favorite, if I may judge from the very loud applause accorded her. Maggie Atlanta, balladist, would do well to get a supply of new songs, for her selections are as 'old as the hills.' The Whiting Sisters, Emma and Edith, are becoming popular. The Weener Sisters, Sallie and Maggie, have always been great favorites here. Billy Gray and Larry Tooley assist Mulligan and Reese in the burnt cork department. Two clever gymnasts, who style themselves the Arabian Brothers, are in the company, and do the usual round of posturing feats."

PILGRIM'S BENEFIT at the American Varieties, Philadelphia, on Friday evening, Feb. 2 st, was a stunner, the large auditorium being crowded in every part, and Uncle Jeems' reception was sufficient to make the nerve-worring Pilgrim feel extremely happy. We are told that more than one thousand dollars were taken at the ticket office, while hundreds of tickets were disposed of outside of the house.

MANAGER FOX, in addition to having distributed gold and silver among the patrons of his American Varieties, in Philadelphia, is now helping to feed the poor. On Wednesday, Feb. 19, he distributed five hundred loaves of bread among those in indigent circumstances, and hereafter, until further notice, he will distribute one thousand loaves every Wednesday. He is entitled to do this through the extensive patronage bestowed upon his popular place of amusement the present season.

AT THE GAIETIES, Mobile, Ala., says our correspondent, writing under date of Feb. 17, "Johnny Belden put in an appearance Feb. 14th, and made a hit in his songs and dances, being encored four or five times. Manager Leicbur gives the best show that has ever been given in this establishment; and Ned Gooding, as stage manager, has no long waits as has heretofore been the case, between the acts. The company consists of Ned Gooding Johnny Redden, Ben Wheeler, C. W. Sullivan, Jim Porter, Ned Straight, Mlle Lonsette, Edith and Minnie Grey..... At the Melodeon things are 'red hot' and still heating. Ned Banker in his songs and dances, Johnny Keegan with his clogs and jig, Jimmy Cummings in his negro eccentricities, Mike Mitchell with his banjo, and Misses Susie and Lotta Starr in their songs and dances, are all big cards for Manager Shelton, and crowded houses greet them nightly."

TONY PASTOR'S VARIETY TROUPE, of the Opera House in the Bowery, this city, opens for a summer season in Boston at the Morris Bros. Opera House, in June.

MISS ALICE STEDLER will see, on reference to the CLIPPER'S Post Office list, that a letter is there for her.

FOR VALLI'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, Pa., talent is wanted. See advertisement.

AT THE VARIETIES, Pittsburgh, Pa., the new company, which is large and popular, consists of John H. Carle, Johnny Morrisey, Lazelle and Franklin; Geo. R. Edesen, J. M. Cooke, Charley Gardner, H. W. Williams, J. R. Lane, Geo. Walser, Chas. Whitton; Adah Richmond, Lucy Clifton, Miss E. St. Clair, Clara Burton and Victoria Howard. The local drama of "Pittsburgh in 1837" concluded the performance each evening the past week.

SHORREY has appeared at Shorrey and Green's Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., after an absence of several weeks. Gus Howard has joined the company. Pet Celeste is a fixed favorite, being in her thirteenth week. As will be seen by advertisement, she has added to her *repertoire* a new protean sketch, written expressly for her by Chas. H. Day, entitled, "A Showman in a Fix," in which she appears in seven different characters.

AT THE ALHAMBRA, Buffalo, Joe Woods and Harry Morehard are engaged and will shortly appear. Laura Bernard is lying very sick from a severe cold. Lizzie Phillips and Louisa Birch, Gus Clark, Dave Wilson and Frank Wild leave on the 24th for the Casino in Saginaw. Gus Clark assumes the stage management.

Miscellaneous.

SKAAT'S "STEREOPTICON VIEWS" showed in Akron, Ohio, on the 17th and 18th inst.

THE HUTCHINGS BROTHERS' "STEREOPTICON" closed at Utica, N. Y., on the 18th, on account of bad business.

ONE OF THE SWEETS of this life may be secured for the coming season by addressing J. S. S., as per advertisement.

JAMES BUCKLEY'S banjo book is advertised for sale in another column.

H. A. KENDALL is concertising through southern Michigan.

PROF. NICKLE, with Billy Pastor and his trained dogs and monkeys, occupied Library Hall, Newark, N. J., the past week, and did a good business. In connection with the above, one hundred and fifty dollars worth of gifts are given away each evening.

MARTINO holds forth at Greenpoint, L. I., on the 25th and 26th inst. under the management of J. W. Higgins.

THE 'FAT CONTRIBUTOR" (A. Miner Griswold) is on his way East from a tour in the Northwest, where he has filled engagements with Literary and Christian associations. He will give his new lecture, "Injun Meal," before associations in all the cities through Michigan and New York before sailing for California in the Spring.

A MARKET SELLER advertises in this week's CLIPPER for a position. Let him have it.

OLE BULL, assisted by Edward Hoffman, Ignatz Pollock and Max. Varian, gave two concerts in Louisville on the 14th and 15th inst.

THE FISH FAMILY played to good business at Central Hall, Fair Haven, Conn., Feb. 20th.

HARTZ, the Illusionist, now performing in Brooklyn, N. Y., advertises in another column for engagements.

FRED WILLIAMS, a bard of Erin's Isle, advertises in the CLIPPER for an engagement.

THE NEW HALL called "Peak Hall" in Niles, Mich., is to be dedicated on the 27th inst. by the Peak Family.

AN AGENT, as well as an Irish comedian and vocalist, can be engaged through Harry Percy as per advertisement.

THE THOMPSON & PARKHURST CONCERT TROUPE was to give an entertainment at Dubuque, Ia., on the 21st inst.

SAM COLLYER'S COMBINATION is at present visiting the principal towns up the Hudson river, stopping at Tarrytown on the 2

BENJAMIN B. BUCKLEY, of Monmouth, Ia., is the fortunate possessor of bill boards, and is withal an expert in the art of displaying wall literature. Those wishing to secure his services in that section should address as per advertisement.

ALF BURNETT, the fashionist and humorist, continues his peculiar entertainments in Assembly building, Philadelphia, assisted by Miss Helen Nash. Mr. Burnett's performances attract a good class of people, who bestow upon him much well-merited applause.

THE SPHYNX TABLE of French plate glass may be purchased for $30 by addressing as per advertisement.

PAUL SKB TREW has constructed two new songs and dances, which he advertises in the CLIPPER.

THE HANLON COMBINATION, at present in this city, perform in Newark, N. J., three nights next week.

CHAS. H. DAY, the New Haven, Ct., publisher, advertises as usual in this week's CLIPPER.

A CLARIONET and alto horn player, also a cornetist, can be engaged for 1868 by addressing C. G. F. Edwards, as per advertisement.

BANJO PRESENTATION.—On Saturday evening, Feb. 15th, Mr. Hayne, a young gentleman of Philadelphia, presented to Joe Mortimer, of Fox's New American Theatre, of that city, a silver mounted banjo, valued at one hundred dollars. The presentation took place at the Robson Brothers, 117 South 8th street, Philadelphia; Mr. Mortimer in a neat little speech thanked the donor kindly for his appreciation of his talent. Among those present were Frank Moran, Lew Simmons, Tom Baker, Billy Allen, Johnny Pierce, Ben Hubbard and others.

JONES' HALL, Fairbury, Ill., is now in a finished state for dramatic and other displays, and may be rented by addressing L. R. North, as per advertisement. Talent is also wanted for this establishment by Manager J. T. Jones.

THE PEAK FAMILY OF BELL RINGERS were at Urbana, Ohio, 21st; Springfield, 22d; and are advertised at Xenia for the 24th, London 25th.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Waterloo, N. Y., with a seating capacity of one thousand, well fitted up and well located, may be rented by addressing as per advertisement.

CHARLEY SHAY'S "QUINQUPLEXIAL TROUPE" performs in Indianapolis, Ind., on the 28th and 29th inst.

ARNOTT'S MIRROR OF THE WORLD is advertised for sale in another column.

Amateur.

THE BOOTHENIAN ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, gave a performance consisting of "Virginius," on the 20th inst. Mr. Fenno sustained the title *role*, Mr. Barclay read the part of Numitorous, (Mr. Smith being indisposed). Mr. Thomas as Icilius, Mr. Stephens as Lucius, Mr. Quigley as Appius, Mr. Barclay as Vibulanus, Mr. Francis as Claudius, and Mr. Hayhurst as Dentatus are all said to be deserving of praise. Miss Seymour was well up in the lines of Virginia, as was also Miss Baker as Servia. "Retribution" is underlined for this week..... The "Shakespeare" gave a performance of "Michael Earle" and "Don Cæsar" on the 20th..... The "Wheatley" gave a performance of the comedy entitled "$20,000" on the 19th. Mr. MacCollin takes a benefit at this hall on the 28th of this month. "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" and the "Irish Lion" will be given..... On Feb. 17th a combination, consisting of members from the "Wheatley, started for Trenton, N. J., to entertain the inhabitants for one week."

SOME of the youthful aspirants for histrionic glory residing in East Liberty, near Pittsburgh, Pa., have formed an association called "The Davenport Dramatic Combination." Miss Emma S. Atkinson, formerly of the Edwin Adams, of Allegheny City, and Miss Eva Atkinson are playing the leading and chambermaid business. They gave an entertainment Feb. 22d.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

OFFENBACH'S "Genevieve de Brabant" is said to be indecorous and frivolous.

ADELINE PATTI.—The last gossip about Patti is to the effect that her match with the Marquis De Caux has been broken off. The Marquis is in debt, and Patti has not money enough to answer his demands.

SIGNOR MARIO has been very badly received at St. Petersburg. He has passed his day, and was reminded of the fact by his audience.

"DER FREISCHUTZ" has recently been given at Dresden for the three hundredth time.

MESSRS. BOUCICAULT AND CHARLES READE are to dramatise their novel of "Foul Play."

THE TASTE FOR "READINGS" seems to be spreading. M. Hendrik Conscience, the Flemish writer, has been reading with great success in Amsterdam.

THE LAST APPEARANCE OF EDMUND KEAN.—Some errors in the accounts of the death of Charles Kean's father are corrected by his secretary, Mr. John Lee, in the following note addressed to a London paper:—"Edmund Kean appeared at the Theatre Royal, Covent Gardent, on Wednesday, the 25th March, 1828 (having played Shylock on the Monday previous), as Othello, with his son, Charles Kean, as Iago. He acted with great vigor up to the third act, and delivered 'Farewell the tranquil mind,' &c., with unusual impressiveness and the last sentence he ever spoke on the stage was 'Othello's occupation's gone.' He commenced the impassioned speech, seizing Iago by the throat, 'Villian, be sure you prove,' when he paused, and his head dropped on his son's shoulder. Mr. W. H. Payne, who was at the wing, rushed on, bore him from the stage, and assisted him to his dressing-room. Several medical men immediately ran round from the front of the theatre. They were unable to discover the slightest pulsation, and administered ether, burnt brandy and other stimulants without effect. After a short period he was carried in an arm-chair by two of the stage carpenters to the Wrekin tavern, in Broad court and put to bed. He was so utterly prostrated that it was impossible to wash the Othello coloring-matter from his face and throat before the next morning, when he had rallied a little. He was attended by Dr. or Mr. Carpue, and remained in London till Saturday afternoon, when he was removed to his house at Richmond. He never acted afterwards. Under the care of Dr Jas. Smith, of Richmond, he became so much better as to be able to ride out in his carriage, accompanied by myself, as far as Chelsea, to pay a visit to his reputed aunt, Miss Tidswell. While there he was seized with a slight spitting of blood, and immediately returned home. He went at once to bed, from which he never arose."

JOHN S. CLARKE, the American comedian, who has been so favorably received in London, was announced to appear at the Princess' Theatre, London, on the 10th inst. in "The Octoroon."

DANIEL E. BANDMANN was to have made his *debut* in London, Eng., on the 17th inst., at the Lyceum Theatre, as Narcisse.

CHARLES DILLON'S *re-entree* in London was set down for the 17th inst., in "King Lear," at the Sadler's Wells Theatre.

THE MENKEN'S reappearance in London, at Astley's Theatre, has resulted favorably to the management as well as herself. Her admirers have had an opportunity of seeing her in a new character, French Spy, and one in which her talent as a pantomimist is emphatically asserted. The London *Era* says: "She has evidently studied the part in all its phases, and comes through a somewhat severe ordeal triumphantly. In the first act she wears a magnificent uniform, and personates the gay, handsome, and seductive young soldier with a graceful animation that never degenerates into anything over forcible. She appropriates the pretty Vivandiere-sweetheart of Tony Bavari with the utmost *nonchalance*, and without having recourse to that swagger which a less competent artist would affect. The second disguise, the Arab boy, gives Miss Menken every possibility of indulging in those *poses* and attitudes in which her magnificent figure is seen to the best advantage. The wild and romantic nature of this character allows of these effects and surprises, and again in the last act, when clad by the Dey's orders in the habiliments of her sex, that is to say, in a singularly becoming Eastern dress, she realises the pathos and despair of the woman about to witness her lover's execution with rare force. As Hubert Carmouche, the most shapely of Arabs, Miss Menken fights a combat with Mohammed (Mr. Harrison), and brings down the house in the manner most pleasing to the artistic feelings. Miss Menken is enthusiastically called before the curtain each evening."

MISS BATEMAN appears in Glasgow on March 9th, and Dundee, March 23d.

DEATH OF WM. BATTY.—This old equestrian and proprietor of Astley's Theatre, London, died at his villa, St. John's Wood, near London, Eng., on the 7th inst., in the 68th year of his age, after a long and suffering illness from asthma.

NOT TOPOGRAPHICALLY POSTED.—A London exchange in noticing the appearance in Galveston, Texas, of an actor, says: "Mr. Drummond has appeared as Richard, in Galveston, New York."

A DRAMA on the death of the Emperor Maximilian has been written by a Mr. Whitcon for production at the Haymarket Theatre, Melbourne. Madame Celeste was to play Carlotta.

SEFTON PARRY has bought the Princes' Theatre, Manchester, Eng.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, London, is about to revive the "Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein."

A NEW one-act piece, by T. J. Williams, is in rehearsal at the Olympic, London, Eng. It is entitled "One Too Many for Him." Mr. C. Mathews will play the leading character.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL gave a ball in London, Eng., on the 7th inst.

AMUSEMENTS.

INTERNATIONAL DRAMATIC, MUSICAL AND EQUESTRIAN Agency.

LOWELL & SIMMONDS PROPRIETORS

609 BROADWAY NEW YORK

THE HANLON BROTHERS,
THOMAS, EDWARD AND FREDERICK,
In conjunction with their newly organized
EUROPEAN COMBINATION TROUPE,
recently arrived from Europe, appear at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, for two weeks, commencing Feb. 24, and will perform in all the principal cities of America in rapid succession.
All business communications must be addressed
47-1t LOWELL & SIMMONDS, 609 Broadway.

MANAGERS desirous of securing the right of production of the White Fawn, as performed at Niblo's, can do so by applying to our authorized agents.
47-1t LOWELL & SIMMONDS, 609 Broadway.

WANTED--To know the Address of every reputable member of the Dramatic Equestrian and Musical Profession; also lines of business and lowest terms. No charge made for registry. LOWELL & SIMMONDS,
47-1t 609 Broadway.

MISS ALICE KINGSBURY, THE ELFIN STAR,
RE-ENTREE FROM CALIFORNIA
Repertoire includes the sensational drama of the "CHILD OF SAVANNA," and the character piece by Chandos Fulton, Esq., of "JENNY WREN, THE DOLL'S DRESSMAKER," taken from "Our Mutual Friend," besides "FANCHON," "DOT," etc.
LOWELL & SIMMONDS,
47-1t 609 Broadway.

JOHN W. BRUTONE,
First Low Comedian, Character and Burlesque Actor, late of THE PRINCIPAL LONDON THEATRES,
having just concluded a successful engagement at Chicago in the spectacle of "Undine," is now prepared to treat with responsible managers.
Miss JULIA CLISBOLD (Mrs. Brutone) for Soubrettes
47 1t* 149 Allen street, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
The curtain rises precisely at 7:30, and
the entire Performance terminates at 10:45 o'clock.
TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS.
HOUSES COMPLETELY CROWDED.
Monday, Feb. 24, 1868, will be presented an entirely new Fairy Spectacular Extravaganza, in prologue and four acts, by James Mortimer, entitled THE WHITE FAWN, in which will appear Jarrett & Palmer's celebrated PARISIENNE BALLET TROUPE.
The piece produced with everything new, and after a preparation of many months, at a cost of
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS
Magnificent scenery, costumes and appointments, increased orchestra and full chorus.
THE GRAND BALLET, sustained by Mlles. Marie Bonfanti, Louise Bilton, A. Schlke, M. Van Hamme, &c.
Act 4.—Revealing the Bright Realms of the Dragonfly, Marston, an Enchanting Scene of Gorgeous Splendor, Unapproachable in Exquisite Beauty and Fascination.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AT ONE O'CLOCK.

OLYMPIC THEATRE. Begins at 8.
JAMES E. HAYES.....Lessee
GEORGE L. FOX.....Stage Manager
CLIFTON W. TAYLEURE.....Business Manager
Fourth and last week of the great engagement of
MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL,
supported by MR. J. W. COLLIER.
Every night (except Saturday) and on Saturday afternoon,
THE PEARL OF SAVOY;
OR, A MOTHER'S PRAYER.
Marie.....Miss Maggie Mitchell
Perriot.....Mr. J. W. Collier
Saturday evening, Feb. 29, last time of the LITTLE BAREFOOT.
Saturday afternoon, commencing at 1½,
ONLY PEARL OF SAVOY MATINEE.
MR. FOX'S NEW PANTOMIME will shortly be produced, after months of preparation. It includes a burlesque opening, grand ballet, skating tournament, harlequinade, grand transformation scene, and many comic tricks and transformations.
FULL PARTICULARS IN A FEW DAYS.

WORRELL SISTERS'
NEW YORK THEATRE, 718 AND 720 BROADWAY,
Admission.....50 Cents
Engagement for a limited period of that charming actress and popular favorite, MISS KATE REIGNOLDS,
who will make her rentree on MONDAY, FEB 24, in her great original triple character of Jenny Milsom, Lady Eversleigh, Mlle. Brasser; the management having been successful in their negotiations with Messrs. Chandos Fulton and Fred G. Maeder for a revival of the celebrated drama of
NOBODY'S DAUGHTER,
with original charming music, startling tableaux and beautiful effects. THE GREAT GAMBLING SCENE, introducing technically, with piquant local allusion, FARO, KENO and ROULETTE, the implements having been obtained from the principal saloons through the kindness of the proprietors. GRAND TOWER AND LONDON BRIDGE SCENES. Mr. J. K. Mortimer as Larrapur; Mr. G. C. Boniface as Black Milsom; Mr. G. H. Clark as Victor Carrington; Mr. W. Carleton as Dennis Wayman.
MATINEE ON SATURDAY.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS, 720 Broadway.
THE PALACE OF THE GRAND DUTCH "S"
EVERYBODY GOES TO SEE THE GREAT BURLESQUE.

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GRAND DUTCH "S" THE GREAT HIT OF THE DAY ALL THE MUSIC SUNG EVERY NIGHT.
CAN CAN Saber Saber Saber Saber Saber Saber Saber Saber
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE FOR THE GREAT OPERA COMIC, AT THE BOX OFFICE.

NIGHT-EXPRESS. STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.
ENTIRE CHANGE OF FIRST AND SECOND PARTS.
ALL THE TALENTED FAVORITES IN FULL DRESS.

NEW YORK CIRCUS,
Fourteenth street, opposite Academy of Music.
L. B. LENT.....DIRECTOR
MATINEES AT 2½,
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
GRAND ACCUMULATION OF ATTRACTIONS!
Revival of the immensely popular
GREAT EQUINE COMEDY,
replete with ludicrous incidents, introducing
TRAINED HORSES IN COMIC ROLES,
Entitled
THE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.
THE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.
THE GREAT RUSSIAN ATHLETE.
PFAU! PFAU! PFAU! PFAU! PFAU!
PFAU! PFAU! PFAU! PFAU! PFAU!
MISS LUCILLE WATSON,
MISS LUCILLE WATSON,
AND THE MAMMOTH CIRCUS TROUPE
47-1t* IN ELEGANT AND DIVERSIFIED ACTS.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE,
201 BOWERY, OPPOSITE SPRING STREET.
The new Musical Burlesque,
THE "WIFE" FAWN.
THE "WIFE" FAWN.
THE "WIFE" FAWN.
New Scenery, Costumes, Appointments, Music, Paraphernalia, Effects, Situations, Songs, Dances and things in general.
TONY PASTOR as Prince Meander, G. W. THOMPSON as Babdallah, McDONALD as the Fairy of the Lake, RIGGS as Queen Euchre, COLLIER as King Ding Dong-Bell, MISS ADDIE LE BRUN as Princess Disgraceful, MISS MELINDA NAGLE as Fine Etts.
A GLORIOUS FEAST OF FUN.
MARCHES, TABLEAUX, TRANSFORMATIONS, ETC.
FUN FOR THE LADIES. "WIFE" FAWN
FUN FOR THE CHILDREN. "WIFE." FAWN.
FUN FOR THE BIG FOLKS. "WIFE." FAWN.
A NEW OLIO OF FUN AND NOVELTIES.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

472 BUTLER'S AMERICAN THEATRE.
Broadway, between Grand and Broome streets.
Lessee and Manager.....E. W. BUTLER
THE THREE FAST GIRLS,
a new Local Sketch, introducing the
CELEBRATED FEMALE MINSTREL SCENE.
VIVIAN'S NEW SELECTIONS OF SONGS.
FESTIVAL OF ST. PETERSBURG,
by an entire new Ballet Troupe, arranged by
MONS. GROSSI.
GEO. H. COES' Banjo Eccentricities.
CARNIVAL D'AFRIQUE.
PETTINGILL'S Great Songs and Dances.
THE LAST SENSATIONS.
A MONSTER VARIETY COMBINATION.
Constant Change of Programme.
Doors Open at 6. Curtain Rises at 7¾.
MATINEE ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

THEATRE COMIQUE,
514 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
EXTRA ANNOUNCEMENT.
THE COMIQUE BALLET AND PANTOMIME TROUPE,
After three seasons of the most brilliant success in the annals of theatricals, at their original
THEATRE COMIQUE, BOSTON, MASS.,
will play a short season at the above theatre.
The company comprises some of the most talented and artistic performers in the profession, among whom may be found
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ANNOUNCING THE COMING
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DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S
GIGANTIC, ORIGINAL NEW ORLEANS
MINSTRELS AND BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE
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THE INCOMPARABLE FRANK KENT,
THE FAMOUS CALIXA LAVALLEE,
THE UNSURPASSABLE WARREN RICHARDS,
THE EXCELSIOR GONSALVO BISHOP,
THE ARTISTIC L. E. HICKS,
And the Wonderful English Champion Double Cloggiste,
FRANK PANKHURST AND LEW COLLINS.
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FRANK B. CILLEY, General Agent. 42-tf*

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[From the Cincinnati Enquirer—Editorial—January 14.]
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